

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,381.—VOL. LIV.

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 11, 1882.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$6.00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



WOMAN'S BONDAGE IN UTAH.  
THE MORMON SOLUTION OF THE "CHEAP LABOR" QUESTION.  
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53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1882.

## CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

IT is known to the reader that by the terms of a special treaty concerted between the United States and China on the 17th of November, 1880, the Government of the former is authorized "to regulate, limit or suspend" the immigration of Chinese laborers whenever in its opinion the coming of such laborers to the United States, or their residence therein, affects, or threatens to affect, the interests of this country, to endanger the good order of the country or of any locality in it, but the absolute prohibition of such immigration is expressly negative. Measures having been already taken to "regulate and limit" this immigration, it is now proposed by a Bill pending before the Senate to "suspend" it for twenty years, on the theory, we presume, that what is known as "the Fifteen-passenger Bill" does not operate as a sufficient check to prevent the too rapid influx of Chinese into the States of our Pacific coast.

After the steps taken in this direction by the conventions or candidates of all the parties in the country—by General Garfield, when he declared in his letter accepting the Republican nomination that the movement of Chinese to that coast was "too much like an importation to be welcomed without restriction and too much like an invasion to be looked upon without solicitude"; by the Democratic Convention, when it flatly declared for "no more Chinese immigration except for travel, education and foreign commerce, and therein safely guarded"; by the Greenback Convention, when it denounced the importation and presence of such persons as that of "serfs" tending to "brutalize and degrade American labor"—after such steps as these, we repeat, it was to be expected that some new legislation would be taken by the present Congress in still further repression of the evils apprehended from the presence of the "Heathen Chinese" within our gates.

And yet it must be admitted that proceedings looking in this direction are not without great theoretical embarrassment in an international point of view, and not without serious inconvenience to the repute of the two great leading parties of the country for consistency in the maintenance of certain principles which were once assumed to be fundamental in the organization of each. In an international point of view the theoretical embarrassment to which we refer results from the fact that if there be any one principle of public law for which the people of this country have contended more earnestly than another, it is the personal and indefeasible right of expatriation—a right for the vindication of which we once went to war with England, and for the acknowledgment of which we supposed that we had made an important gain when, in the so-called Burlingame Treaty of 1868, we persuaded the Emperor of China to declare that he concurred with us in recognizing "the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance," and also the "mutual advantage" of the free migration and emigration of the citizens and subjects of the two countries "for purposes of curiosity, trade, or as permanent residents."

In a purely political point of view, it is difficult to say which of the two historical parties of the country is likely to find the more inconvenience in so construing and interpreting this restrictive policy as to bring it into harmony with their respective "records." The Republican Party has, throughout its whole career, delighted to represent itself as the exponent and champion of "human rights," without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude; and if this was a principle worth affirming in the case of a people who had been degraded by ages of barbarism and enslavement, it is not easy to explain theoretically why there should be a default from it in the case of a people who, from the antiquity of their civilization, deserve to be accounted among "the gray forefathers of the human race."

If considerations of political economy may sometimes be held to outweigh considerations of human rights, it is easy enough to reconcile the restriction of Chinese immigration with the general theory of the Republican Party in the matter of a Protective Tariff. For in this view the restriction of Chinese immigration is only a form and phase of that Protective policy which looks to the salvation of American labor from the competition of pauper labor whether at home or abroad.

But if this view opens a line of retreat for the Republican Party by which it may escape from one political inconsistency at the expense of another, it must also be admitted that the same view confronts the Democrats with a *cul-de-sac* in their opposi-

tion to Chinese immigration, for, whatever may be the eccentricities of Democratic opinion in States like Pennsylvania and New Jersey, it cannot be denied that the predominant drift of Democratic opinion throughout the country is in the direction of Free Trade. But nothing can be theoretically more antagonistic to Free Trade than a restriction placed on the free locomotion of laborers, and on their right to labor where they please, and for what wages they please. \*

## THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

THE ostensible object of a reformatory is to reform, not merely to practice a system of degradation upon its inmates and make their existence intolerable; but the Elmira Reformatory seems to be conducted more for the latter than the former purpose, and punishments in keeping with the spirit of the Dark Ages instead of the nineteenth century are inflicted upon its unhappy prisoners. This reformatory is an institution of the State, and it has already cost the taxpayers more than a million and a half of dollars, although it was completed in 1876 only, at a cost within three hundred thousand of that amount. It occupies about 280 acres, half a mile northwest of Elmira, and throws its protecting arms round its inmates in the form of a stone wall thirty-five feet high. There, over its solemn portals, might be fitly inscribed, in the estimation of some of its victims, the legend on Dante's "Inferno": "Hope leave behind all ye who enter here!" For its management has inspired such terror among those committed to it that it is not uncommon for them, or their lawyers, to implore the presiding judge to commit them to the State Prison instead, and several murders and a number of suicides among the prisoners have resulted from the inhuman treatment to which they were subjected. It was a sadly tragic and suggestive commentary on the so-called discipline of the institution when, a short time ago, a young man who had been there and was, although trying to do well, about to be taken back—for all prisoners are discharged from it only on parole—leaped from a third-story window of the Bible House in this city into the street, thus preferring instant death to returning to the Reformatory.

On the trial—within a year—of a prisoner for killing his keeper, it transpired in evidence that punishments equal to the tortures of the Inquisition are part of the system of the Reformatory. These punishments include the stripping of a prisoner and beating him with a paddle—an instrument far worse than the old "cat o' nine tails," made of two long pieces of leather riveted together. Preparatory to this "paddling," he is chained to the door of his cell by the hands and feet, the latter not being allowed to touch the floor, and in that position receives twenty-three blows, more or less, of the lacerating leather, dealt by a strong arm—usually that of the superintendent—every blow raising a blister or drawing blood. Another punishment is "flooding"—namely, to play the hose all day long in Winter, or as long as it can be endured without risking fatal results, upon a prisoner in his cell, which is boarded up for the purpose, so that he is kept deep in water during the process, and at the same time has no escape from the stream which at once deluges him and holds him in its embrace. One of the prisoners testified as to this: "I got numb, and didn't know what I was doing, and could not feel or stand. The stream of water was so strong that when it would strike me it would keep me steady in one position, and I had no power to get out of it. There was ice coming through the nozzle." The same prisoner went on to testify that he was kept in solitary confinement for many days at a time with only one meal a day, and that of bread and water; that a scar he exhibited on his forehead was the result of a blow with an iron bar in the hands of a keeper, from which he bled profusely; that he weighed 160 pounds when he entered the Reformatory, and was then so weak and emaciated he could scarcely walk; that he had been thrown down by keepers and jumped on and kicked, and then strung up to the door of his cell by the hands and feet with handcuffs and shackles, and left there bleeding until ten o'clock at night; that he was then taken down and left to sleep on the stone floor, and the next morning he was strung up to the door again, although he was numb and unable to stand; that he was confined in a solitary cell from the 2d of October, 1879, until he was carried out of it to the hospital on the 22d of June, 1880; and that from one day in the month of February to the latter date he was strung up to the door every day, and even when in the hospital he was kept shackled to his bed.

Other prisoners testified to the shocking brutality of the keepers, in the way of kicks, blows and such like, and to the severity of the Superintendent of the Reformatory himself. They told, too, of their confinement in dark cells made by boarding up cells in "the solitary" department, so as to exclude all light; of wearing

twenty-pound iron shackles riveted to their legs; of having their beds and bedclothes taken from them and being left to sleep on the stone floor of their cells; and of being hung up to their "solitary" cell doors for eight or ten consecutive days, always with only one ration of bread and one drink of water a day, the practice being to hang them up in the morning and to take them down at night.

The statutory object of the Reformatory, to reclaim first offenders between sixteen and thirty years old, is a very proper one, but the manner in which it is managed, so far at least as the rigor of its punishments is concerned, cannot be too strongly condemned. How far the Superintendent is responsible for the superfluous inhumanity of these it may be premature to say. As, however, he derives his appointment from the five managers of the Reformatory—who are appointed by, and can be removed by, the Governor of the State—they are equally responsible with him; and we are glad that the Legislature has at length appointed a committee to make an investigation into the abuses and discipline of the establishment. It is bad enough to see men degraded by being converted by their fellows into perambulating street advertisements, sandwiched between two sign-boards, but such degradation by cruelty as is practiced in the Elmira Reformatory is infinitely worse and more wantonly inexcusable; that it is perpetrated in the name of the people of the great State of New York and at their expense, makes it obligatory upon their representatives to act at once for the correction of the monstrous abuse.

## OUR GOLD SUPPLY.

WHEN Shelley referred to gold as a "living god who rules in scorn," perhaps he was not so far wrong. Certain it is that the precious metal has always exercised an arbitrary sway in commerce, and is even now giving some of our financiers food for anxious thought. Some authorities now maintain that if the present course of our foreign trade is not altered, there will be an adverse trade balance during the Summer to be paid for in gold. The subject has provoked an interesting discussion, in which facts of the first importance in this connection have come to light. For instance, our net imports of gold during the last three years have been no less than \$203,000,000, to which we have added \$95,000,000 from our mines, which with the stock of \$373,271,000 in the country on January 1st, 1879, would bring our present gold supply up to \$570,970,000—less the usual deduction for manufactures—not to mention a gain of over a hundred millions in silver during the same time. A large percentage of our gold production has been added to the coinage. It is estimated, however, that fully \$300,000,000 in gold is now actually in the hands of the people, and that we are not strong enough in bank reserves to stand the test of an adverse trade balance. The reason given is that the people are hoarding the gold, and that in this respect the large area of this country places it at a serious disadvantage compared with Great Britain. It is maintained that during 1881 the hoarding went on at the rate of \$6,000,000 a month, and the statistics of the Mint are cited in support of this statement. "All the channels of commerce are choked up with silver, silver certificates and legal-tenders," observes a high financial authority. But it is scarcely necessary to state that the suggestion that if Western merchants "would consent to gather up and destroy the greenbacks, that act would set loose the most of the stock now in the sub-Treasury," will scarcely meet with serious consideration.

It is further maintained that our large imports of gold during the last three years are due almost solely to the operations of the Resumption Act, as a primary cause. As to this there can be no question. The imports in the years 1877, 1878 and 1879 were unusually small; the contracting, economizing process which prepared the people for specie payments created a condition of foreign trade distinctly in our favor, and it was not long before we found the tide of gold flowing this way. It is otherwise now, thanks to reckless speculation and the consequent high prices for merchandise which is compelled to seek a foreign market. This fact is illustrated by exports of specie from New York of \$8,792,000 since January 1st, against only \$1,902,790 during the same time last year, and by imports of only \$585,000, against over \$6,000,000 for a like period in 1881. These are the sober facts, and an examination of the statistics reveals the further fact that our foreign trade has not been in such a plight for a number of years.

But as there is always a more favorable aspect to every question, so it is well to remember that, if we are losing gold now, there is a promise of lower prices for produce before very long, and that in the meantime our exports of home manufactures begin to show a very gratifying increase. Excluding such manufactures as flour, refined petroleum and lumber, we sent abroad

shipments last year valued at \$75,000,000, against \$68,000,000 in 1880. And what is particularly important is the fact that last year we exported no less than 150,000,000 square yards of cotton goods of the value of \$13,000,000, or a larger trade than ever before. The exports of iron and steel manufactures, which have grown steadily during the last few years, in 1881 were close to \$16,000,000, or a handsome gain over 1880. With increased shipments of grain, raw cotton and provisions to aid our large shipments of petroleum and other merchandise, the international ledgers will soon tell a different tale. Meantime the more conservative financiers scout the idea of a gold famine.

## THE RECEIVERSHIP SCANDAL.

IT was high time that the scandal of receiverships should claim the attention of the New York Legislature, and the movements for an investigation just instituted in each branch merit hearty approval. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the disgraceful features of this system. Time and again the public has seen the affairs of a savings bank, an insurance company, or some other insolvent corporation, turned over by a court to the hands of a receiver, only to learn years later that the assets had been largely squandered in exorbitant allowances to favorites, and the creditors—too often widows and orphans—shamefully defrauded. So far has the abuse gone that there has come to be a class of professional receivers, frequently lawyers only in name, who are permitted by complaisant judges to charge fees and collect allowances such as they could never begin to approach in regular practice. A single law firm is credited with having secured \$65,000 in fees out of a wrecked corporation, and it is even alleged that solvent concerns have been thrown into bankruptcy in order that their assets might be stolen by officers of the court under the forms of law.

They order these things better in New Jersey. Receiverships are by no means rare in that State, but as a rule they have been administered in the spirit which justice demands and the law contemplates. There has been more than one signal illustration in that commonwealth of the beneficent possibilities of a system which, in this State, has been prostituted to purposes of plunder. Not to mention two noteworthy cases in Newark—that of the First National Bank a few years ago, and the Receivership of the Mechanics' National Bank, which is now economically and promptly closing up the affairs of that concern—the experience of the Central Railroad of New Jersey is especially timely, in view of the contest that is being waged for its control. Five years ago the property of this corporation was in the hands of the Sheriff, the stock went bagging at less than 10, the \$5,000,000 "blanket mortgage" bonds could not be sold at 30 cents on the dollar, the past due obligations of the company for money borrowed aggregated over \$5,000,000, and a half a million of back pay was due employés. To-day all claims have been paid in full, with interest, the "blanket mortgage" has been taken up, the stock sells at about 95, and the property is about to be returned to the stockholders, free and clear. The credit for this wonderful transformation is due to the late Judge F. S. Lathrop, a man long prominent in State affairs, who was appointed Receiver in February, 1877, without solicitation or expectation on his part, and who has simply proved what high character, business sagacity and strict honesty can accomplish in such a capacity.

The receivership is a necessary feature of financial administration, but it is not necessary that it should be synonymous with rapacity and corruption. That such has come to be the fact in New York is a matter of common notoriety. A smirch has already been cast upon our judiciary, and public respect for the courts has been weakened by the carelessness of judges, if not the half-suspected complicity of some of them with rogues. The Legislature should make thorough investigation of past abuses, and provide fresh safeguards against their repetition.

## THE REPETITIONS OF HISTORY.

TWICE within the last hundred years has the Bradlaugh farce, as the London *Spectator* calls it, been repeated in the British House of Commons. The first instance was in 1764, when the notorious John Wilkes was expelled for what was then called a seditious libel, but what would be now considered a mere expression of opinion, the offense consisting in Wilkes declaring that an assertion in the King's speech, then just delivered, was a deliberate falsehood. This the dominant party in the House of Commons declared to be a seditious libel, which rendered the member liable to expulsion. Wilkes was expelled by a large majority, whereupon the County of Middlesex returned him by an overwhelming vote, only to be expelled again, the House this time declaring his election void, and his

opponent, Colonel Luttrell, duly elected. Ten years afterwards, Wilkes having outlived the odium of his misdeed, was elected to Parliament, and sat without opposition, but it was only, as Cobbett sarcastically said, "after having been sanctified as Lord Mayor of London." He survived this turmoil, and died Chamberlain of London in his seventieth year.

In 1810 another case occurred, in which Sir Francis Burdett, father of the present Lady Burdett-Coutts, and one of the members of the House of Commons, having denied, in a letter he wrote to a newspaper, the right of the House to imprison any British subject, the Commons took up the challenge, and instructed the Speaker to issue a warrant for the arrest of Sir Francis. He attempted to evade arrest by barricading himself in his house, but the officers having gained access to him through strategy, he was captured and taken to the Tower of London, where he remained a prisoner for several months, when the House being prorogued, its power ceased, and he was consequently released.

As an amusing fact it may be mentioned that Leigh Hunt, then editor of the London *Examiner*, a bitter radical journal, strenuously advised Burdett to resist and defy the House; but, oddly enough, Mr. Hunt, being one of the Middlesex yeomanry, was one of the very soldiers which conveyed the recalcitrant member to the Tower. Subsequently Burdett resumed his seat, no notice being taken of his former conduct.

The most notable instance, however, of the assertion of the claim of the House of Commons to imprison on its own account was afforded in 1835, when the Speaker issued his warrant for the arrest of the Sheriff of London for obeying an order of the Lord Chief Justice. A Committee of the House having published a report on immoral literature, Mr. Stockdale, a publisher of "fast" works, was highly censured therein for a volume he had recently issued. Stockdale thereupon prosecuted Luke Hansard, the publisher of the House Reports, for a libel, and a jury, under the direction of Lord Chief Justice Campbell, gave the publisher a verdict of one thousand pounds damages. Luke Hansard was instructed by the Speaker not to obey the verdict, and he was consequently arrested by the Lord Chief Justice for contempt of court, and imprisoned in Newgate, the city prison. Thereupon the House issued a warrant for the arrest of the Sheriff of London, who was confined in the lock-up of the House. The dead-lock was broken by the prorogation of Parliament, when the prisoners were set at liberty. The question, however, was never settled, and Stockdale never got his thousand pounds.

We shall see what the result will be of the Parnell imprisonment and the Bradlaugh expulsion.

#### THE WESTERN FLOODS.

THE floods in the Lower Mississippi Valley have continued another week, and the estimates of loss, both of life and property, have increased every day. The heavy rains which fell during the last two days of February still further swelled the volume of the Mississippi, until breaks occurred in the levees at many points, and the surrounding country was submerged in some cases for forty miles. These crevasses brought death as well as destruction. At Riverton Landing, in Bolivar County, Miss., fifteen persons were drowned, and the total loss of life in the inundated region is placed as high as forty souls. Tens of thousands of people have been rendered destitute, and there is widespread suffering, especially among the negroes. Secretary Lincoln has done everything in his power to expedite the work of relief authorized by Congress in the distribution of subsistence stores, and the local authorities of the States most affected are heartily co-operating. Beyond the immediate suffering and the wholesale loss of stock and farm supplies, the effect of the flood will be felt in the diminished production of cotton this year. Many planters have not cotton seed enough left to plant their lands, while the long continuance of the high water threatens to make the season late at best, and it is estimated that the acreage in this region will be thirty per cent less than last year. The heavy rains have also caused freshets in many rivers in the Eastern and Middle States, but no loss of life has been reported, and the damage to property, though in some cases serious, appears but trifling compared with the ruin worked by the Southwestern floods.

#### QUEEN VICTORIA'S ESCAPE.

QUEEN VICTORIA leads a charmed life. Apparently the bullet is not yet cast that is to slay her. Once more she has been the object of the malignant hate of a would-be regicide, and once again has the dastardly and atrocious attempt proved abortive. With the recent and terrible Presidential tragedy fresh in mind, this attack on the life of England's Queen fills us with horror, and all over the land the feeling of relief that Her Majesty has escaped the assassin's murderous design is as spontaneous as it is earnest. Queen Victoria has been a royal target: this is a country where there is not the shadow of an excuse for the crime of regicide. Two years after her accession to the throne, on May 10th, 1839, a lunatic was arrested at Buckingham Palace who had announced his intention of killing her. A few days later, another lunatic was found who

asserted that the throne was his, and that he would lay the usurper low. On the 17th of July a commercial traveler fell in love with her, and was incarcerated in order to cool his insane ardor. On January 11th, 1840, a boy, Edward Oxford, fired at Her Majesty point-blank on Constitution Hill. On the 2d of December one William Jones was found concealed beneath a sofa at Buckingham Palace, where he had lain for several days. He was again discovered in the Palace on March 17th, 1841. On May 30th, 1842, John Francis fired at the Queen as she was driving down Constitution Hill. On the 3d of July a half-witted hunchback, named Bean, snapped a pistol at her as she entered the Chapel Royal. On May 19th, 1849, Hamilton, a bricklayer, fired at the Queen, the place being again Constitution Hill. On the 27th of May, 1850, Robert Pater, an ex-lieutenant of Hussars, struck Her Majesty over the head with a cane as she emerged from the residence of the Duke of Cambridge in Piccadilly. On the 29th of February, 1872, Arthur O'Connor, presented a pistol at her as she was entering Buckingham Palace; and on the 10th of December, 1878, Edward Byrne Madden was arrested for having announced his intention of killing the Queen. The world is now startled with the attempt of Roderick MacLean. Happily it is proven that the miserable wretch is *non compos mentis*, but had his murderous weapon done its work, England would to-day have been plunged into that grief out of the shadow of which America is still but slowly emerging.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

IT is quite evident that the Liberals in Parliament have been brought into closer relations by the threatening demonstration of the House of Lords against the Irish Land Act. At a meeting at Mr. Gladstone's residence, last week, over two hundred members were present, and the influence of the conference in consolidating the Liberal strength was shown subsequently, in the House, when the motion to postpone the order of the day in favor of the Premier's resolution, that the proposed inquiry into the working of the Land Act would be injurious to good government in Ireland, was carried by a vote of 300 to 167—all sections of the party, including thirteen Home Rulers, voting with the Government. The Conservatives appear to have been discouraged by the turn of events, and the Commission itself, of which Lord Cairns is chairman, has so far abandoned the menacing position taken by the Tory majority as to decide that it will not inquire into the judicial administration of the Act. This is practically a surrender of the whole case; but the Commons will persist, all the same, in the adoption of the Gladstone resolution. Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary of Ireland, has declined the invitation to appear before the Commission, and no member of the Commons will be permitted to attend its meetings without permission of the House. A recent decision of the Dublin Court of Appeals in a case appealed from a judgment of the sub-commissioners under the Land Act, leaves the construction of the clauses relating to rent charges on improvements made by tenants so doubtful and uncertain, that greatly increased litigation is quite likely to ensue. One point of the decision was that betterments made in the soil by high tillage and fertilization may be made a basis for increased rent—that is, that landlords whose lands are increased in value by improvements made by their tenants may compel the latter to pay a premium on their own industry and enterprise. It is inevitable that such a decision should deepen the exacerbation of the tenant class and embarrass the operation of the Act, which was primarily designed for their relief.

The methods of criminal administration in Russia are, to say the least, expeditious. The trial of the twenty-one Nihilists who were arraigned for conspiracy and other crimes occupied only four days, and resulted, of course, in the conviction of all the accused, ten of whom were sentenced to death, and the remainder to various terms of penal servitude. In three cases the sentences of death have since been commuted. Possibly all of the prisoners may have been guilty—some, indeed, made full confession—but it is only too plain that the trial was like those which have preceded it, characterized by indecent haste and a relentless severity which would not be tolerated for a moment under any other than a brutally despotic government.

The feeling excited by General Skobelev's Pan-Slavist speech has not altogether subsided. The Czar is quoted as being "greatly offended" at the General, and, by way of emphasizing his condemnation, has ordered the offender to retire to his estates, notifying him at the same time that, for the present at least, he will have no command intrusted to him; but it is suspected, all the same, that the imperial indignation is rather apparent than real. One St. Petersburg correspondent explains that the Paris outburst was due to champagne, "to which the gallant young soldier is only too fond." In passing through Austria Skobelev was dogged constantly by detectives.

As was anticipated, Mr. Bradlaugh has been again returned from Northampton, receiving 3,798 votes against 3,687 for his opponent. His attempt to take his seat will be again resisted.—The Austrians have suffered considerable loss in recent conflicts with the insurgent Herzegovinians.—Dissensions are said to have broken out among the leaders of the military party in Egypt, and fresh complications are likely to arise.—The coronation of the Czar has been postponed until the end of August.—China is steadily increasing her armaments in view of a possible war with Japan.

THE reduction of the interest bearing public debt during the year ending on the 1st of March amounted to \$139,286,667, which

amount is \$30,000,000 in excess of the reduction for the twelve calendar months ending with February, 1881. The number of standard silver dollars now in the Treasury is over \$75,000,000, of which amount \$60,000,000 are covered by outstanding silver certificates.

LONGFELLOW celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on the 27th of February, and it is scarcely too much to say that no poet ever passed that notable milestone of life more honored or beloved. Long recognized as the first of American poets, each new generation that enjoys his genius seems to regard him with a warmer affection, and the recent anniversary was more generally observed than was ever a literary man's birthday before. Most grateful to the poet, as they were most appropriate to the occasion, must have been the tributes of the children, who in hundreds of schools, from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, recited extracts from his poems, and heard from their teachers the story of his noble life. There was only one drawback to the celebration, and that is the fear that Longfellow may never keep another birthday, his health having sadly failed during the past year.

THE Commercial Bulletin shows by statistics that the shipments of grain from this port for Europe, by sail, which decreased so enormously last year, are continuing to fall off to a most infinitesimal proportions. Thus, during the whole month of January, only five sailing vessels cleared from this port to Europe loaded with grain, and these carried only 150,000 bushels. During February twelve sailing vessels have cleared. In 1881, thirty-eight sailing vessels cleared during January; in 1880, seventy-two; in 1879, ninety-seven. This year, sixty-five steamers sailed, against the five sailing vessels; in 1880 there were seventy-seven steamers, and in 1879, fifty-seven. During the past fourteen months there has not been a single American vessel loaded with grain to sail from this port to Europe. Nothing could be more conclusive as to the decline of our carrying trade than these figures.

THE well-known banking firm of Fisk & Hatch have just issued a new edition of their "Memoranda Concerning Government Bonds," which thus becomes more valuable than ever as a compendium of financial information and statistics. A tasteful little volume of nearly 300 pages, it is brimful of matter that concerns every investor. Besides a concise financial history of the United States and each of its members, there are full statements of the finances of every leading foreign nation; statistics based on the recent census, showing the wonderful growth of the country in the last half-century; comprehensive notes on gold and silver; directions for dealing in the New York stock market, and other valuable features. In a modest introduction, Messrs. Fisk & Hatch recall their own creditable connection with the negotiation of the Government loans during the past twenty years, and congratulate the public upon the present high credit and prosperity of the nation. The "Memoranda" is published as a *souvenir* for the firm's customers and friends, and may be procured by sending an application to their New York office, No. 5 Nassau Street.

NOW THAT the Apportionment Bill has passed Congress, the question of redistricting is agitating the politicians of nearly every State. Delaware and Nevada, with a single representative apiece, are of course not affected, and the last Vermont Legislature, foreseeing that the Green Mountain State must lose one of its three members, took time by the forelock, and made the division for two districts in advance. In other States where the Legislatures are not in session, the Governors are considering whether to call extra sessions to decide the matter, or to adopt the plan allowed by the Bill of having extra members elected by a general vote, in cases where the delegation has been increased, or the whole delegation by a similar vote where it has been reduced. At every State capital, where the law-makers are in session, countless schemes are proposed for a recasting of district lines to promote personal ambition, or secure party advantage. The usual attempts to transform an honest redistricting into a partisan gerrymandering are manifest; but there is the consolation that they will pretty surely end in the confusion of their authors, as such measures have so often and deservedly resulted in our political history.

THE Congressional sympathizers with the Star Route operators lose no opportunity to assail ex-Postmaster-General James, through whose vigorous action the offenders were exposed and are in a fair way to be brought to justice. In the debate in the House on the Postal Appropriation Bill, a concerted effort was made by several members to smirch his reputation by charges that he had shown the New York Central Railroad special favors in the matter of the fast mail service, going to the extent of paying the company \$70,000 for attaching a postal car to one of its trains, and that his motive in this action was to propitiate the Vanderbilts so as to secure the Presidency of the Lincoln Bank in which they are interested. The injustice of this charge is shown by the fact that the entire amount paid this company for all the post mail service performed by it is only \$70,000, and by the further facts that the Vanderbilts do not control the Lincoln Bank, and that Mr. James was invited into its management (and that fact was published) before he was made Postmaster-General. It will take testimony of a different sort than that trumped-up by the apologists of the Star Route thieves to persuade the country that Mr. James has ever been capable of prostituting the power of official position to the promotion of personal ends.

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#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE prospect of the Delaware peach crop is said to be excellent.

THE Grant retiring Bill will be stubbornly opposed in the House of Representatives.

THE Chili-Peru investigation by the House Committee was commenced on Monday last.

THE Rhode Island Republican State Convention is called for March 16th, and the Democratic convention for March 22d.

GOVERNOR CORNELL has appointed Isaac V. Baker, Jr., Superintendent of the New York State Prisons, in place of Mr. Pillsbury.

SEVERAL additional indictments against participants in the Star Route frauds have been found by the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia.

CORNELLIUS A. LOGAN, now Minister to Costa Rica, has been nominated for Minister to Chili, where he once served with credit some years ago.

THE Indian Appropriation Bill, passed by the House last week, appropriates \$4,920,203, an increase of \$351,600 over last year, and a decrease of \$921,000 from the estimates.

THE Iowa Legislature has agreed to a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as beverage. The measure now goes before the people.

GOVERNOR ROBERTS of Texas has called a special session of the Legislature, April 6th, to re-apportion the State, and provide a new Capitol, in place of the one recently burned.

In pursuance of an agreement just completed, a rifle match between English and American teams will be shot at Credmoor in September, and a return match at Wimbledon next year.

THERE were 152 business failures in the United States during the past week, an increase of seventeen over the preceding week, and eighteen more than the corresponding week of last year.

THE three Indian scouts who took part in the treacherous attack on General Carr's troops last September and who were since sentenced to death, were hanged on Friday last at Fort Grant, A. T.

THE alliance between the Tammanyites and Republicans in the New York Senate appears to be complete. In the distribution of the offices the Tammany Senators were awarded half the patronage.

THE Tennessee Republicans will hold a State Convention on April 27th. They will adhere to the Hawkins platform, which was to settle the State debt on the best compromise to which the bondholders will submit.

THE Senate last week confirmed the nomination of Mr. Conkling as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court by a vote of 39 to 12. Mr. Sargent's nomination as Minister to Germany was confirmed without a division.

MR. SCOVILLE has filed his bill of exceptions upon which he will appeal for a new trial for Guitau. After the appeal he will retire from the case and other lawyers will be employed to argue the case before the Court in banc.

THE public debt reduction during February amounted to \$9,783,511, and for the eight months ending March 1st to \$97,869,443, which is equal to a monthly reduction during the current fiscal year of nearly \$12,250,000.

THE question of shutting down the mills at Fall River, Mass., is under consideration, owing to the gloomy outlook in the print-cloth market and the general feeling of depression in all lines of business connected with the manufacture of cotton.

THE special election in the Eighteenth Senatorial District of the State for a successor to the late Webster Wagner, resulted in the choice of A. B. Baucus, Democrat, by about 700 majority, although the district has gone Republican ever since 1869, and gave Mr. Wagner 6,782 majority last Fall. The change is attributed to Republican disaffection.

A CONFERENCE of about a hundred leading Republicans of South Carolina was held at Columbia last week, which protested against the action of the recent Democratic Legislature, especially regarding the election and registration laws, and asked the General Government to make suitable provisions to obtain legal registration, under the Federal Election Law, of all the voters in the State. It was decided not to nominate a State ticket, but to make a fight for the county offices.

IN the United States Senate last week the anti-Chinese Bill was discussed at some length, Messrs. Miller, Grover and Farley speaking in its favor, and Mr. Hoar and others against it. In the House a feature of the week was a discussion on the foreign policy of the United States Government, in which Mr. Whittorne condemned the abandonment of the so-called "Blaine policy," and Mr. Kasson argued that there had been no real abandonment of that policy, the Administration having merely called a halt in order to obtain time for a careful consideration of the correspondence which it inherited.

THE walking-match which opened at Madison Square Garden on the night of the 27th ultimo was distinguished by the wonderful performance of Rowell, the champion, in the first half of the week and his collapse and withdrawal later in the contest. During the first twenty-four hours he made the unparalleled score of 150 miles, which was followed on the second day, and 95 on the third, but on Wednesday he became sick, in consequence of this terrible strain, and on Thursday morning he left the track. Hazeel, a fellow-Englishman, who had pressed Rowell closely, thereafter held a long lead of the other contestants, the score at 11 A. M. Saturday standing as follows: Hazeel, 576 miles; Fitzgerald, 560; Noremac, 530; Hart, 518; Sullivan, 497; Hughes, 507.

##### Foreign.

PRINCE BISMARCK has drawn up a new tobacco monopoly Bill increasing the tax on leaf tobacco.

SMALLPOX is raging at Port-au-Prince, and the death rate ranged from 36 to 63 a day at last accounts.

THE elections held in France last week to fill two vacancies in the Senate and fourteen in the Chamber of Deputies, resulted in the election of Republicans in every case except one.

IN the House of Commons last week the Attorney-General for Ireland admitted that a warrant was out in Ireland for Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M. P. Mr. Healy thinks a warrant is also out for him. The Government refused to guarantee these gentlemen against arrest during visits to their constituents.

RODERICK MACLEAN, who fired at Queen Victoria on Thursday, was arraigned before the Windsor magistrates on the 3d instant on the charge of shooting with intent to murder and remanded. In a letter written after his arrest Maclean says he committed the act to draw public attention to his impious condition. Maclean was discharged from a lunatic asylum in September. The Queen received congratulatory dispatches from the Secretary of State at Washington, the Pope, the Italian Chambers and the European Courts. A special thanksgiving service was held at Windsor.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 39.



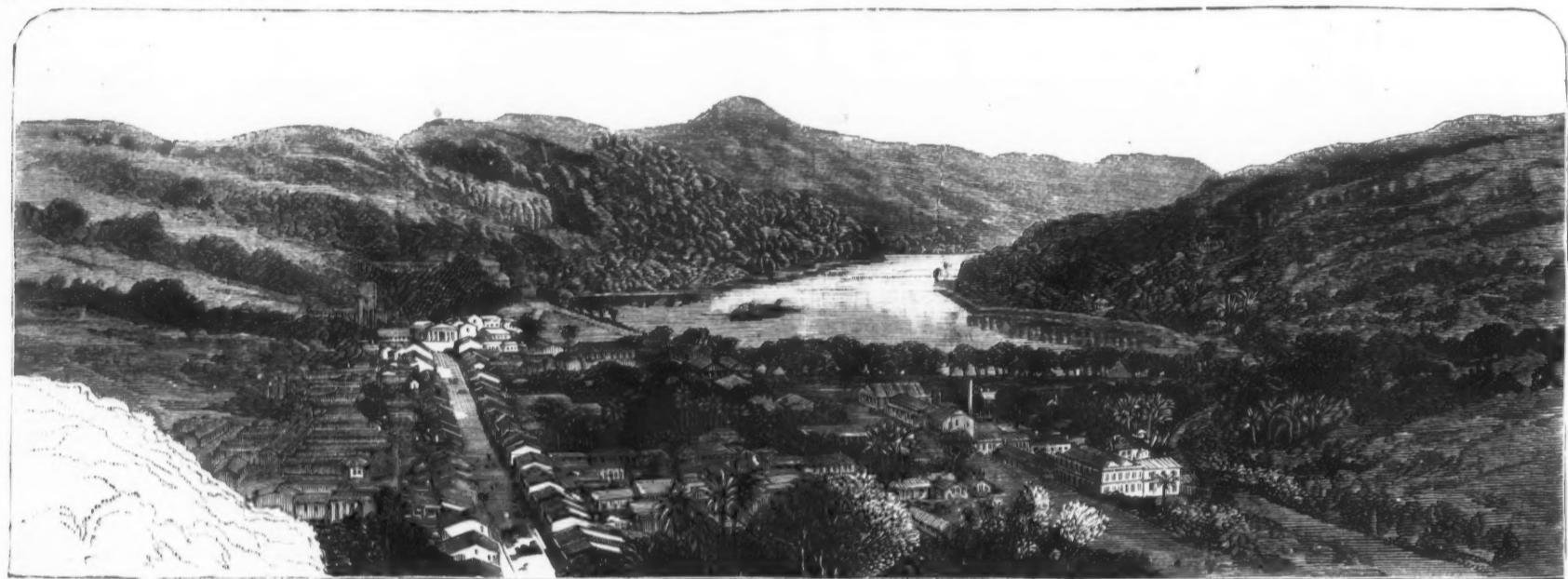
SIMON BAVIER, SWISS PRESIDENT.



MONTENEGRINS CROSSING THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER INTO HERZEGOVINA.



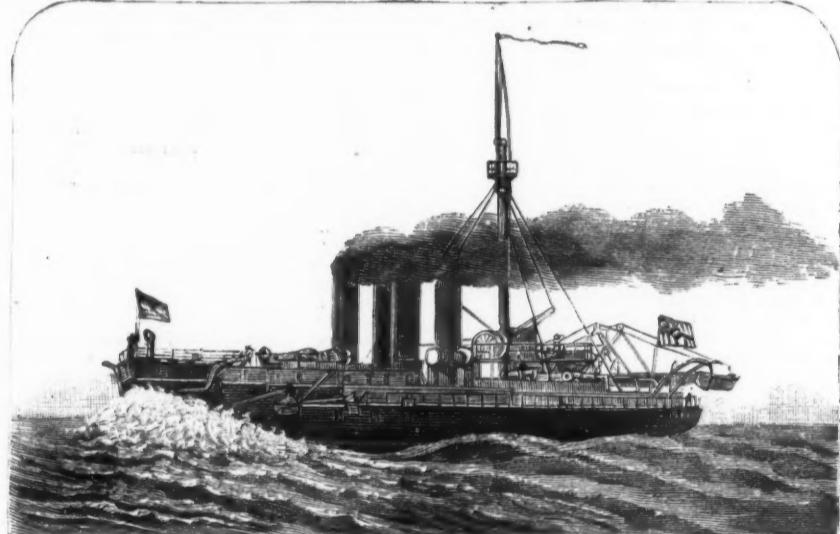
DON PATRICIO LYNCH, CHILEAN GENERAL.



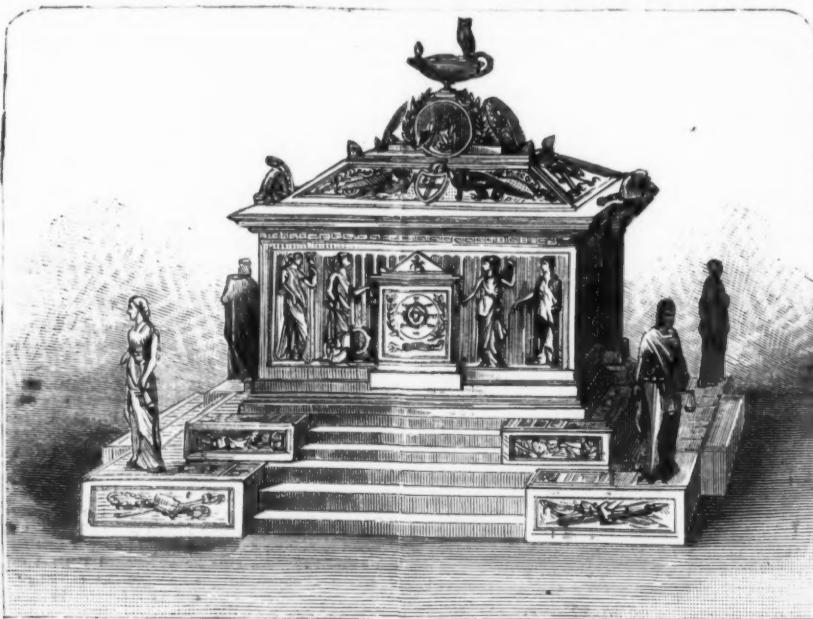
CEYLON.—VIEW OF KANDY, THE OLD NATIVE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND.



CENTRAL ASIA.—THE FORTRESS OF MERV AS VISITED BY MR. O'DONOVAN.



THE GERMAN NAVY.—THE NEW ARMOR-PLATED CORVETTE "BAIERN."

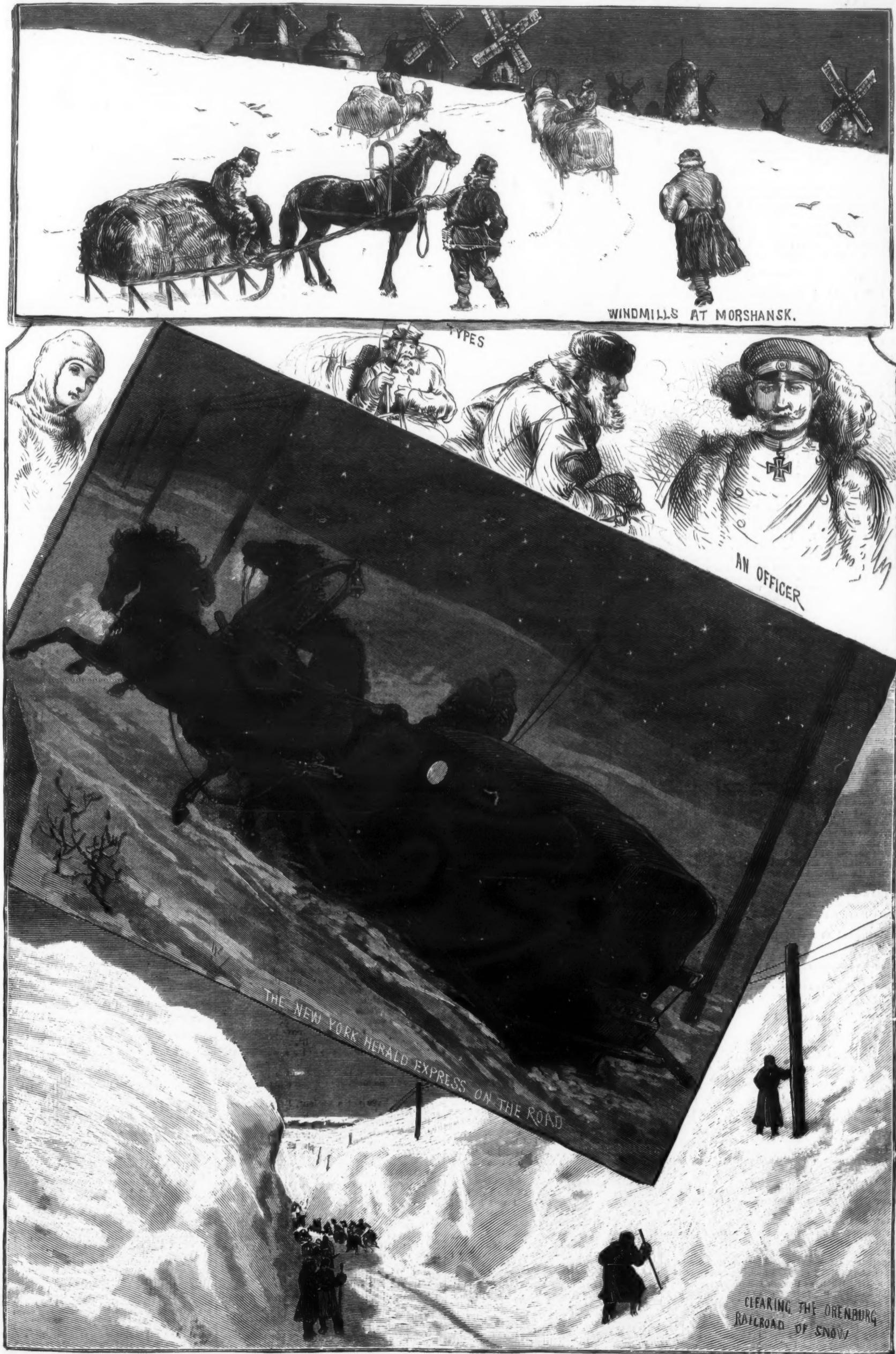


GREAT BRITAIN.—GOLD CASKET FOR THE ADDRESS PRESENTED TO MR. GLADSTONE.



1. Tewfik I., the Khédive. 2. Cherif Pasha. 3. Arabi Bey. 4. Ali Fahmi Bey. 5. Abdullah Helsha. 6. Fahri Pasha. 7. ustapha Pasha. 8. Ali Fahmi Bey. 9. Abdullah Helsha. 10. Fahri Pasha. 11. Tewfik I., the Khédive. 12. Cherif Pasha. 13. Arabi Bey. 14. Ali Fahmi Bey. 15. Abdullah Helsha. 16. Fahri Pasha.

EGYPT.—THE KHÉDIVE AND SOME LEADERS OF THE NATIONAL PARTY.



THE "HERALD" EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF THE "JEANNETTE" SURVIVORS—ON THE WAY TO SIBERIA.  
SEE PAGE 39.

## WARNING.

SOME poets sing of quenchless faith,  
And glory in a constant heart  
That loves thro' change, decay, and death,  
Defying all Time's healing art.  
With these my song does not belong—  
I own I have no part with such.  
I own it true—away from you  
I do not love you quite so much.

Some glory in the grim despair  
Of love that lives when hope is lost;  
I must confess I do not care  
For constancy at such a cost.  
One week or so taught me to know  
How hearts could writh in Sorrow's clutch;  
But I find yet I can forget—  
I do not love you quite so much.

Some say that absence fans the flame  
And kindles love to warmer fires;  
And we are taught to chide and blame  
The bosom where that flame expires.  
'Tis my delight that I, to-night  
Not subject to your smile or touch,  
Can sit, and say, in this calm way,  
I do not love you quite so much!

ELLA WHEELER.

## THE GIRL I WAS ENGAGED TO.

YES, I am sure she is everything that is perfection. Beauties of soul and face, and altogether glorious as the King's daughter, the essence of fairy tales, and the grandeur of a Grecian goddess—"

"You are laughing at me," answered my vis-à-vis, sadly, "but I can pass it by. I feel so entirely happy that anything you can say, in earnest or not, no more makes an impression on me than the Trojan arrows on Vulcan's armor."

Bertie McAllister was my especial friend; though many years younger than myself, there was a bond of union that, until to-day, bid fair to continue for ever. But now a new factor had appeared on the scene. In brief, Bertie was engaged to be married. From his rapturous talk I gathered it was to be soon, and then, of course, farewell to the joyous companionship—the long talks, the interchange of thought for thought that had so long existed between us. To another ear than mine would he tell his joys and griefs, his hopes and his success. He was one of those rare beings who are popular alike with women and with men; there was a magnetism in his smile that drew all hearts unto him. A good-looking man he was, too, with a face that, though not exactly handsome, was brimming over with animal spirits and goodnature. What was there surprising, after all, that already matrimony had marked him for her own, and I was to be left alone.

So I thought as I sat in my studio while the sun was sinking behind the hill, and Bertie, unmindful of anything but his great joy, poured out sentence after sentence of rhapsody with heart that took no care of the hours passed in the joy of having some one to talk to of the all-absorbing topic that filled his whole being.

I saw he was hurt at the way in which I had received his news, saddened at the thought that I did not feel the same adoration for the being he had raised in the inmost altar of his heart. Alas! how often does the friendships of years go to pieces on that rock; and yet if we venture to profess an equal amount of admiration, does not our friend remain equally dissatisfied? Ah, Bertie, I thought, while he went on, "Dream out your dream," inhale the perfume of your roses, hang garlands round the shrine of your idol, though her feet be of clay; yet she will hide them for the while, and for the while you will believe her the one for whom the sun rises and for whom the seasons change.

I saw he was sorry that I had not received his tidings with more rapture, so I tried to soothe him by saying I hoped they would be very happy.

He looked at me in silence for a few moments, then answered:

"Yes, you hope so, but you doubt it. Ah, if you only knew her! What can you know of how I feel? I don't believe you have ever felt as I do. What can a crusty old bachelor like you know of the power that moves the world?"

"That is it exactly. I have known it!" I answered.

"Ah! But you never told me about it."

"Nor any one," I answered. "It was not an experience I like to recall by repetition."

"But you will tell me," he said. "I am just in the state to cry or to laugh with you."

"It is not a pleasant topic; but I don't know—if you would like to hear it, I don't know that there is any reason now that I should not tell it. You remember I studied in Paris a great many years ago. It happened there. I was just at the age when every bush to me had its woodland nymph and every river its god. I did not live in the present at all; my life was made up of visions of what the future would bring to me, and of what the past had brought to those heroes and goddesses before history was. I was a dreamer, and I used to wander for days in the country trying to get as far from my fellow man as possible, alone with my visions and dreams. One day I had gone further than usual along the banks of the Seine; there were few houses in sight just there, only a long line of poplars that seemed standing sentinels over the tombs of dead gods. I had gone on so for some time, when, as though some nymph had risen, I saw at the foot of one of the tall trees one of the loveliest visions that had ever come before my eyes in dreams or in reality. I could not take my eyes from her as she sat there. I dare say you remember the first time you ever saw your fiancée. Of course! Well, it was something like that I felt as I looked at her. I looked till I dared look no longer, and walked on; then I found that I was not the same being I had been before I had seen her. It was

as though one long accustomed to the light of a candle should, for a few moments, stand in the bright sunlight and then return to semi-darkness. So it was with me. In all my dreams and visions came her face. In everything that I painted my brush drew likenesses of her. Here, take that portfolio there; do you not see the same face looking out whether as princess or peasant. Yes, it is a lovely face. But it is only the shadow of Madeleine. Days followed days; on every one, rainy or sunny, I took the same walk, and often saw her, always alone. My blind devotion grew. Every time I saw her added new fuel to the flame that was consuming me. I felt it would be impossible for me to go on, so I must speak to her whether she would be offended or no. Yet I feared even then that I should lose the pain of seeing her without speaking my thoughts, or the torture of never, perhaps, seeing her more. At any rate, I determined to risk it, and a few days after I bowed to her as I passed, and, to my unutterable joy, she nodded her head in return. How very happy I was that day. Had Rothchild left me a million or that single nod of the head of my unknown divinity to choose between, I should have unhesitatingly taken the latter. You know how I felt. I would give anything to live that day over again. Now—well I sha'n't dwell any more on our getting acquainted. That bow was the small end of the wedge; as the day went by the seed that had that day been planted grew and flourished. We sat daily at the foot of the poplar-tree talking with that joyful carelessness of time or man that lovers know.

"She was a charming creature, not very intellectual to be sure, in fact rather uneducated in some things; but what more charming talk could one have than in teaching such a one as she all the treasures art has left us? She was so charmingly frank and ingenuous—such a low musical voice that when she merely said, "Do you think so?" I was thrilled with greater delight than I had ever experienced in looking at the finest creation of art or poetry.

"Such was the magic web that was being woven about me; at last the fever reached its height. I told her I loved her. Half-hoping, half-fearing what her answer might be, my doubts were soon banished; for, like a dove that flies to its mate, she came to me dove-like, glorious in her blushing beauty, too fragile, too lovely for earth, I thought. She had never said much of her parents—her mother, I learned, was dead many years before. Of her father she said little, but I learned that he was often away. A remark that I ventured in regard to his profession was answered evasively. She merely said he had often very little to do, and then sometimes a great deal; what it was I did not ask.

"In time I was introduced to him. I found him a jolly enough old gentleman, fat and hearty, the type of the genus that take things as they find them and ask for no more. We got to be capital friends in time. I spent a great deal of my time at their house, and saw with satisfaction that the father did not frown on my attentions to the daughter, which he must have noticed.

"Many hours we spent together in a state of bliss, which even you would have found sufficient in their complete happiness and peace. I was in such an atmosphere of love that life had assumed another shape since this romance had come into it. Like a disembodied spirit, I seemed to have left the body, with all earthly corruptions, and to have been borne on the wings of Eros to a supreme state where care and pains were alike banished.

"Sometimes I would doubt the possibility of life going on so always; some of my brother artists in the school would smile at my actions, my absent-mindedness and dreams, or hint at my chasing a phantom of whom I really knew so little, and told me to beware lest my happiness, like Lamia, did not fade and leave in its stead a hissing snake. I smiled at them who dared to presage ill. Like you I was invulnerable.

The Autumn came on, as the leaves changed from uniform green to gold and scarlet, blazing up to a dying glory such as all Summer long they had not known. I kept thinking, Will not perhaps my life be like these leaves? Am I not even now at the epoch when life seems to me all gold and rose-colored, and may it not be the forerunner of the time when it shall fade to brown and gray, and then to the darkness of sorrow's Winter and the barrenness of blasted vines?

"Such thoughts as these made me the more anxious to see the consummation of my hopes. Until Madeleine was really my wife I felt that maybe some unforeseen obstacle might arise to take her from me.

"I finally succeeded in getting her consent as to the day that was to make me the happiest of men. She insisted on having the wedding as quiet as possible. No one but her father, she and I, were to be present. This did not make much difference to me. In truth, I was anxious to have her to myself entirely.

"The days went on, and the eventful day came very near, only a few more and she would be mine—entirely and for ever. I was looking forward as you do, I dare say, towards your wedding-day. It is very much the same with us all, I suppose.

"After walking with Madeleine one morning I was obliged to leave her for an engagement I had.

"I shall see you this evening," I said.

"I was surprised to see a troubled look come into her clear eyes, as she answered in a tremulous voice:

"I am afraid not."

"What?" I said, surprised, it was so entirely unlooked for.

"Please don't be angry," she continued; "father is going to have some of his friends here. I don't think you would care to meet them. I never do—but I must meet them this time. Don't think it strange—pray don't?" I

must not see you to night. Now promise me you won't come. I will tell you everything afterwards."

"I gave her a half-promise, kissed her quickly, and was off. When I had gone some distance I turned. She was standing motionless, as though supplicating me not to doubt her; and yet, for the time, I did.

"It has always appeared strange to me that the more one worships one's idol, when everything is smoothed over, when the adoration has been given and the fullest love returned, that no one is more ready than we ourselves to grasp at the slightest straw of doubt, to magnify gnats till they are like camels, until we are entirely miserable. So it was with me. As anatomists take the tooth of some extinct animal and construct an entire skeleton, so I, from the fact that I was not to see her for one night, wove in my fancy plot and deception enough to fill a novel. Some old lover was coming back. It was only a pretext to get rid of me for ever. She was to be spirited away from me, and I should never see her again. Friends of her father! Who were these mysterious friends whom I would not care to see? Why not? Was I not to be a member of the family soon?—had I not a claim upon them? I was miserable, like a man who makes a bed of thistles and lies on it. I kept figuratively saying, "Ah! how extremely miserable I am!" I finally decided that I would go and see what the mysterious assemblage was that I was so unreasonably kept from meeting. I had a right to know all I could about my father-in-law's friends. Then I felt that I had been unjust to Madeleine, and called myself all sorts of uncomplimentary names; but I had raised the demon of doubt and felt that I could not suffer its tortures for the day without trying to dispel the mystery that night.

"About nine o'clock in the evening, in a strange state of fear, hope and curiosity, I crept noiselessly towards the house. There was a brilliant illumination that shone from all the windows. It was a somewhat warm evening, and through the open windows I could hear the soft sounds of music.

"A party, evidently, I said to myself, feeling a sort of melancholy satisfaction that so far my doubts had not been groundless. 'This is scarcely kind in Madeleine.'

"I crept nearer, the bushes shielding me from observation, and came quite near one of the open windows. From there I could see what took place.

"The rooms seemed to be quite full of people, mostly men in evening dress. A singularly benevolent class, I thought, like heads of some state institution, as I found out shortly they were.

"There were two of them sitting quite close to me, with their backs turned towards me, in the open window.

"That was an exceedingly neat job of M. de Paris," said one.

"Indeed, it was," said the other, "a triumph of art. A great stride in surgery."

"Ah, surgeons!" I thought, "but why do they smile?"

"Do you know, M. de Lyon, I have always a certain amount of trouble in making my patients' toilets entirely as I could wish."

"Ah!" answered the other; then ensued some sentences I did not catch, for just then I saw Madeleine come past, on her father's arm, looking as lovely as a Madonna of Raphael.

"Very handsome girl, M. de Paris's daughter," said one of my friends at the window—

that the other called M. de Lyon.

"I had never heard my fiancée's father called M. de Paris, but I supposed that there might be some relations of his of the same name; so this was called to distinguish him as the Parisian member of the family.

"Yes," answered the other, "she is soon to be married."

"Ah!"

"Yes, to an American."

"I am enchanted. I hope his father-in-law won't have to practice his art on any member of his family," with a laugh.

"The young aspirant—don't know, of course?"

"No; I suppose not. It is not likely M. de Marseilles." Then they smiled in a way that made me wish I could kill them. What was this I did not know? My position was getting frightful.

"Oh, Madeleine, Madeleine, is this the beginning of the end?"

"Have you seen the improved instrument of M. de Röen, M. de Marseilles?"

"No; but I hear it is quite a wonder—the most perfect thing of its kind. As you know, M. de Paris asked us here for the purpose of passing on its merits, or suggesting improvements."

"They have not a patient, I suppose," said M. de Marseilles, with a grin.

"Only a straw man."

"I was entirely in the dark by this time, as I was endeavoring to understand. A large shapeless thing, covered with a cloth, was brought in and stood in the middle of the room.

"My prospective father-in-law, standing by it, addressed the company, who all seemed to be of noble blood, bearing the names of the chief towns of France.

"My friends, I have to exhibit to-night the new instrument of M. de Röen. With the modesty of true genius he wishes it to speak for itself. It is so easy of manipulation that a child may work it as well as a man. To instance that, my daughter will officiate instead of myself."

"He stepped aside.

"I can almost imagine I am assisting at an operation in reality," said M. de Lyon.

"There are no people with handkerchiefs around to keep up the illusion."

"No, to be sure," answered his friend.

"I turned my eyes towards Madeleine. She was standing by the thing, with a slight color in her cheeks, but with no apparent emotion. Suddenly her father drew the cloth away, and I saw a strange combination of posts and

grooves, a block and a knife—the latter, broad and heavy, hung over the block, on which lay, with pinioned arms, the figure of a man in straw.

"I saw, though I had never seen one before, that it was that terrible engine of death that has in its time laid so many of the best and worst in France in early graves.

"I shuddered as I saw Madeleine standing by it with no fear, no shame.

"I could not utter a word, as calmly she cut the string and the terrible knife came down with a thud, and the straw-man's head fell in the basket.

"Ah, neatly done—very neat; worthy of her father. She should adopt our profession—the Holy Order of the Guillotines of France."

"In an instant the whole truth flashed before my—my love was the daughter of the chief executioner of France—and, with a shriek of terror and grief, feeling that all my hope and happiness had been killed at the stroke of that guillotine, I hurried from the place.

"Such is the story of the girl I was engaged to."

THE SERFDOM OF MORMON WOMEN.

OUR cartoon on the front page presents one of the saddest phases of the Mormon question—the slavery to which the women of Utah are reduced. It shows one of the polygamous taskmasters, with his account-book before him, taking his ease, contemplating the saving he has made by using the labor of his wives, instead of employing other help in the cultivation of his lands—these wifely menials meanwhile spending their strength in the hard and bitter tasks he has set them. The lazy and brutal owner of these unfortunate serfs has a whip in his hand as the symbol of his authority; while a "free and sovereign" negro, touched with a fellow-feeling, looks compassionately on the women drudges. The alluring bait which the Mormon agents set before the poor women in Europe is shown in the trap half-concealed with rosy promises.

THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL SERVICES.

M. BLAINE must have felt his heart leap when he came face to face with the magnificent audience assembled to hear his tribute to the memory of the martyr President. Seldom does it fall to the lot of any speaker—be he eloquent as Demosthenes, and persuasive as Pericles—to be called upon to address an assembly so august, so earnest, and so representative as that which gathered in its strength on Monday, the 27th day of February, for the purpose of listening to words that would recall the virtues of a man who, after life's fitful fever, now sleeps well in his narrow bed by the shore of lonely Lake Erie. The theme was inspiring, lofty, gracious; the time ripe enough for tender words, and to no better hands, to no more eloquent tongue, could the task have fallen than to him who stood beside James Abram Garfield in the thick of the fray, who stood beside him when the bullet of the assassin laid him low, who stood beside him at the last supreme moment when the shadow of death descended upon the murdered President.

The interior of the House of Representatives presented a most imposing appearance, filled as it was with the most notable men of whom this country can boast—men all more or less imbued with a deep sense of the sad gravity of the occasion. President Arthur sat in front; immediately behind him the members of his Cabinet. The man who marched from Atlanta to the sea, in the laced bravery of his high office, was there; beside him, fighting Phil Sheridan and Winfield S. Hancock. The Admirals of the Navy held coigns of vantage, as did the black-robed Justices of the Supreme Court. Then came a line of vivid color, produced by the glittering costumes of the Diplomatic Corps; this in turn being backed by the sombre garments of the members of the House, with a fringe of white faces. The hush that fell on that immense audience as Mr. Blaine stepped forward was almost appalling. The gifted orator spoke for an hour and a half, and twice only did the assembly disentangle themselves from the glamour of the oratory, in order to applaud. Mr. Blaine spoke with emotion, an emotion controlled by good taste; and when at times his feelings seemed about to overpower him, by a supreme effort he forces them under control, displaying a masterful power rarely accorded to speakers, especially when in the high condition of tension to which the mournful, yet endearing, theme had brought the dead man's bosom-friend. Mr. Blaine glanced at the early life of Garfield, painting it with color-dipped brush—the lad's splendid courage and self-reliance, his integrity and keen desire to become a man in the best sense of the term. From the college life the orator came to the public life of the object of his theme, and of the services to his country rendered by Garfield on many a bloody field. His career in the army then gave way to his career in Congress, and in this period of the discourse Mr. Blaine depicted in glowing words General Garfield's powers as a parliamentary orator and debater, assigning him high rank in both capacities. The speaker also dwelt upon the breadth of Garfield's work in Congress, giving an exhaustive and lucid résumé of the history of Congress for the past few years, a subject upon which, from his own practical standpoint, he was able to deal with in a manner at once to command attention and to fascinate. The discourse passed on to

tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

"As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

#### THE RELIEF OF THE "JEANNETTE" EXPEDITION.

WE have published from time to time the reports which have reached us as to the progress of the several efforts for the discovery and relief of the survivors of the *Jeannette* Arctic Expedition, and we this week furnish a number of illustrations showing some of the difficulties which attend the movements of the relief party sent out for the north coast of Siberia by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*.

Mr. Jackson, the special correspondent, who was commissioned to travel overland from Russia with the relief supplies for the distressed explorers, started from St. Petersburg in company with a special artist, on the 19th of January, traveling by Moscow to Samara, on the Volga, and thence to Orenburg, on the Ural, which was reached on the 22d. The travelers had the railway as far as Orenburg, which is a town of 6,500 inhabitants, on the verge of the Kirghis Steppe, and on the boundary line between Europe and Asia. The Governor of Orenburg, having received a communication from General Anuchin, Governor General of East Siberia, relating to the expected journey of the *Jeannette* relief party, received Mr. Jackson with many polite attentions, and gave him all the assistance in his power. He furnished him with an escort on the 26th, when he departed from Orenburg, as shown in our sketch, to Fort Orsk, on the Siberian frontier; the conveyance being the covered sledge, with post-horses, used in Winter all through Siberia. The journey before him is one of three or four thousand miles; the chief towns on the route would probably be those of Omsk, on the river Irtysh above Tobolsk, then Tomsk, on a tributary of the Obi, Krasnoiarsk, on the Yenisei, or perhaps Yeniseisk, and so on to the Lena, at Yakutsk.

The region of the Delta or the mouths of the Lena, where Lieutenant De Long and his comrades are now, is feared, suffering great privations, and still awaiting the relief that is on its way to their remote place of detention, is by no means an unknown or unexplored part of the world. It has, during a hundred and fifty years past, been frequently traversed by the Russians descending the river Lena from the town of Yakutsk, which is a place of considerable traffic and the capital of the extensive province of Yakutsk, in Northeastern Siberia. So long ago as 1735 and subsequent years, Russian vessels explored the lower course of that great river to the Arctic Ocean, and the neighboring seas, not encountering any formidable natural obstacles.

The *Vega*, of the Swedish Arctic Expedition, was off the mouths of the Lena, on her voyage eastward to Behring Strait, in August, 1878, and there she parted company with her consort, the smaller vessel, named the *Leha*. This steamboat then entered the river Lena, at the eastern or Bykov mouth, in Borskai Bay, and passed up the river to Yakutsk, in about three weeks, reaching that town on September 21st. The first inhabited place, or station, on the Lena river, is called Tas Ary, and the next, 150 versts higher up, is a village named Bulun, on the border of the "tundra" or vast desolate plain stretching away to the northwest. A few Russian officials, with a priest, reside at Bulun; but most of the inhabitants are Yakuts, of the same Tartar tribe as the pastoral race dwelling in the adjacent country. The Lena, before it reaches the open sea, branches out into seven different channels, all more or less navigable, called Anatartisch, Bjolk, Tumat, Kychtasch, Trofimov, Kischlach and Bykov. Cape Borskai, or Borschaja, is three or four degrees eastward of the most easterly outlet of the Delta, on the opposite shore of Borskai Bay, and near the mouth of the Yana, where there are important Russian trading and mining settlements. It is evident that there can be no difficulty in getting access to the place where Lieutenant De Long and the rest of the crew of the *Jeannette* have been cast ashore, and bringing to them such relief as they need, if they have remained in that vicinity.

#### Railroad Casualties in 1881.

LAST year's record of railway casualties in this country, according to a railroad journal, compared most unfavorably with the record of preceding years. So far as can be ascertained, there were, during 1881, a total of 1,458 accidents, causing loss of life in 414 cases, and more or less serious injury to 1,997 persons. One reason for the large number of casualties is given as the severity of the weather in the earlier part of 1881. Accidents resulting from collision numbered 536 as against 437 in 1880. Of this number 366 were what are known as "rear" collisions, and were due to the sudden increase in the large number of trains run on many of the roads. Derailments caused accidents in 857 cases. These were divided as follows: Broken rails in 85 cases, loose or spread rails in 29 cases, broken bridges or trestles in 44 cases, broken wheels in 58 cases, broken axles in 50 cases, misplaced switches in 85 cases, cattle on the track in 42 cases, accidental obstructions in 85 cases, and malicious obstruction in 13 cases. In 310 cases there was no explanation to be given for the cause of derailment. These derailment accidents, it is noted, caused the greatest amount of injury to the person, the record being 993 cases against 665 due to collision. The latter, however, were more fatal to life, and caused 200 deaths against the 190 which followed derailment accidents. It will be seen from the above list that the misplacement of switches, which ought to be a preventable occurrence if sufficient care and caution were exercised, caused exactly as many accidents as were due to the accidental breaking of track rails. This fact carries its own moral.

#### Scenes at Monte Carlo.

THE croupiers at Monte Carlo are very prompt to come between men and settle their differences, but they are exceedingly chary of offering their mediation, and of exercising their authority among women: doubtless experience has taught them the futility of such attempts. As a rule, the fair sex, in the midst of their acrimonious contentions, will not pay the slightest heed to any argument or representation they can suggest, and it is for these reasons, possibly, that while there is any likelihood of feminine disputes terminating within a reasonable time, the croupiers and *chefs de partie* will not interfere. This proceeding on their part is not always

judicious. I saw a lady not very long ago insulted in a most outrageous manner, and that for a considerable time, by one of these magnificently dressed, vulgar, ill-mannered creatures, who are always to be found playing at or prowling round the tables. It was simply a lout for which they contended. At length the lady, hurt and indignant at the imputation of theft, of which the other roundly and loudly accused her, in self-vindication gave the lout to one of the footmen rather than keep it herself or render it to the barefaced creature who so shamelessly claimed it, and left the room in a flood of tears. It is not a very seemly sight to see a lady forced to defend herself against an attack made on her fair dealing and honesty in a public gaming-house, but Monte Carlo is scarcely the place for ladies to be in, much less to play in, and those who frequent a house which is a notorious rendezvous must go prepared to find themselves placed in an unpleasant equivocal position by the more than equivocal persons among whom they voluntarily mix. These interesting disputes are not always confined to words. I once saw a knavish, ill-looking fellow pounced upon by a gentleman whose money he had appropriated, called a thief, and hauled from his chair in the most summary and vigorous manner; the furious and indignant aggressor, not content with these measures, would have struck the frightened and bewildered wretch but for the timely interposal of the footmen and croupiers who were near at hand. The scuffling and altercation between these two men were highly exciting, on account of the notoriety that the Casino enjoys for the at times tragic character of its impromptu scenes. In an instant the saloons were in commotion, and there was a general scurrying towards the scene of action, to be in good time and secure good places for the spectacle; the more terrible it would prove, the more thrilling it would be, the better. The general rumor was that a man either had or was attempting to commit suicide.

#### The French Vintage.

OFFICIAL returns of the French vintage for last year present some instructive information concerning the phylloxera. It appears that the total acreage had fallen, through the ravages, to 5,200,000 acres, being a decline of 250,000 from 1880, and of 870,000 since 1874. Some departments suffered more severely than ever before. In the Charente, for instance, the acreage planted in vines fell from 230,000 acres in 1880, to 42,000, while the Charente-Inférieure, which had 370,000 acres in 1875, and 352,000 in 1880, had only 310,000 last year, the Hérault declining from 235,000 acres to 215,000. Even in the departments where, notwithstanding the appearance of the phylloxera, there has not been any diminution in the acreage, there has been a marked falling off in the yield, and in the Lot-et-Garonne, with its 175,000 acres, the yield has fallen from 1,238,000 hectolitres to 667,000 in 1880, and 357,000 last year. In departments which have escaped these ravages, the vintage was very abundant, which explains why, as already noted, the total yield for last year was 768,119,500 gallons, as compared with 579,845,000 for the year before. But these figures compare unfavorably with the 1,600,000,000 gallons of 1874, and the 1,900,000,000 gallons of 1875. Figures of wine imports and exports are also interesting here. From 1871 to 1875 the exports averaged 80,000,000 gallons, but last year they had fallen off to 47,450,000, while the imports had risen from 3,890,000 gallons in 1871, to 15,200,000 in 1876, and 180,000,000 gallons last year. Respecting wine made from raisins, it is estimated that about 50,000,000 gallons were produced in that way last year, besides as much more by a second and third press of the grapes.

#### The Fever-tree.

THE *Eucalyptus globulus*, which is being introduced in California, has many qualities which recommend it to Eastern sylviculturists. It comes originally from Australia, where the tests of various soils and varying seasons have amply demonstrated the good qualities of the tree, and its rapid growth even under adverse surroundings. Trials of late years in Southern Europe have further verified these claims, and there is no reason why the tree will not flourish in every section of the United States. It is harder than the chestnut, and like the latter, it will grow in the rockiest soils. It is more independent of rain food than any tree known in this country, wet and dry seasons alike failing to affect its growth. Its wood is hard, somewhat of the nature of yellow pine, but firmer and stronger, and fit for use in ship timbers, while in Australia cabinetmakers, wheelwrights and carpenters use it throughout their trades. The bark yields a febrifuge second only in efficiency to quinine, but superior in all medicinal qualities to cinchona. This quality alone must make the tree invaluable, and its culture here, to an appreciative extent, would settle for ever the vexed question of quinine duties. The rapidity of its growth is its most wonderful feature. It grows four times as fast as the American pine, and for ordinary purposes is fit to cut in five or six years. For the Eastern and Middle States, where the lack of forest protection is not infrequently felt, no tree has been offered the culturist that can present so many primary points of vantage as the Australian immigrant, and its general introduction and culture should only be a matter of little time. It may be added, the tree yields fragrance, but produces no fruit or nut. Its beauty of form and luxuriant evergreen foliage are additional qualities that must recommend it in country or city.

#### PROBLEMS FOR THE IDLE.

ANSWERS TO ACROSTICS NOS. 3 AND 4.

No. 3.

C a m P

I d A

T e a R

Y o r K

No. 4.

U l s t e r S

N i h i l i s T

I r A

T i t b i T

E v E

D e l m o n i c o ' S

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### New Corvettes in the German Navy.

The German Navy now possesses four armor-plated corvettes similar to the *Baier*, of which we give an illustration. The greatest speed attained by the *Baier* on her trial-trip was 14.29 knots, which for so heavily armored a ship is exceedingly good. These four corvettes, which are in every respect sister ships, are not only most important addition to the German navy, but, owing to the double screws with which they are fitted, are probably more easily handled than any vessels of a similar class afloat. They are intended for the purposes of coast defense, and from their light draught of water they are specially adapted for navigation among the numerous shoals which surround the entrances to most German harbors. The armament of these ships consists of six long guns with a 10-inch bore; two are mounted on revolving carriages in the foremost turret, and can be trained in any direction. In the turret at

the stern, which is like a square with the corners rounded off, one gun similarly mounted is placed at each angle. The armor-plating of each corvette is 18 inches thick, and consists of two layers of the rolled iron, the outer being 10 and the inner 6 inches.

#### Address to Mr. Gladstone.

The gold casket voted by the Court of Common Council of London to Mr. Gladstone, in which to place the ill-tempered address presented to the right honorable gentleman last October, is thus described: The design, which is of pure classic character, with Tuscan columns at each end, is a trophy ten inches in height by twelve in length, approached on each side by silver steps, with figures in gold at the four corners, representing Eloquence, Justice, Industry and Law. In the front is a monumental tablet, bearing the crest, arms and motto of the Premier, surrounded by a wreath of laurel, enameled in proper colors, and accompanied by female figures intended for the City of London, Commerce, Ceres and Ireland. The reverse side has in its centre, supported by the City Dragons, the following inscription: "To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, as a token of the estimation in which he is held by the citizens of London, and of their appreciation of his high character, rare genius and varied gifts, so long devoted to the service of his country." The lid is decorated with shields in proper colors, in gold and enamel, with the arms of the City, Britannia and British Lion, the Royal Standard, the Union Jack, and the bust of Homer, Mr. Gladstone's favorite author. The ends bear emblematic references to the Premier's varied studies and accomplishments. Surmounting the trophy is the Lamp of Learning, with the owl, the bird of wisdom, perched on the handle.

#### Montenegrin Raids in Herzegovina.

We have from time to time referred to the insurrection which now menaces the Austrian authority in the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and which is fomented and supported by the Sar populations of the neighboring and independent principalities. One of our illustrations this week shows a few of the Montenegrin warriors stealing across the frontier into the territory of Crivose, for the purpose of joining the insurgents there. The Servian Government has adopted stringent regulations for the police supervision of emigrants from Bosnia and the Herzegovina, many of whom have been leaving Servia to join the insurrection.

#### Simon Bavier, President of the Swiss Confederation for 1882.

The gentleman who has been called to the highest office in the gift of the Swiss people is in every respect a notable man, and one well worthy of the honor conferred upon him. Born of a family of the highest respectability, on September 16th, 1825, he was at first educated in the Canton School, and subsequently at the Polytechnic Schools at Carlshaus and Stuttgart. His tastes and talents led him to the engineering profession, and after doing some creditable engineering work in his own Canton, many years later he was engaged as engineer on the Piacenza-Cartel Railway. A few years subsequently he occupied himself with the project of the Spilger Railway, a rival to that of St. Gotthard, and with a railway in the Engadine. In 1863 he was appointed on the States Commission, and in 1876 he was elected to the High Council. To-day he is President, an office which he cannot fail to adorn, judging by his honorable and distinguished antecedents.

#### Don Patricio Lynch, Generalissimo of the Chilean Army.

Don Patricio Lynch, who has been conspicuous in the Chilean movements in Peru, was born at Valparaiso in 1825, of Chilean parents, his father being a very respectable merchant. Patricio was educated at the Naval School of Santiago de Chile, and was with the British fleet in the war of China. Lynch was the first Chilean Governor of Iquique, and was Commandant-General in the expedition against Peru. In the battle of Chorillos, out of his division of 8,500 men, which bore the brunt of the combat, he lost 192 officers and 1,879 soldiers; and in the decisive battle of Miraflores the intrepid Lynch added the crowning laurels to the Chilean arms. Military history still busies itself with Lynch. On the 15th of November, 1880, he disembarked with his division of 8,500 men at Pisco, in Peru, and made a forced march of 200 miles across a desert, and in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties—a march Napoleon in its wondrous celerity and daring—and returned to Iquique with the loss of but four men. He is now generalissimo of the Chilean forces, and a soldier of whom any country might justly be proud.

#### Kandy, the Old Native Capital of Ceylon.

The City of Kandy, in Ceylon, lately visited by the "Sailor Princes" of Great Britain, lies in the heart of the ancient native kingdom, and is a place of great historical interest and of singular aspect. The situation of the little city of ten thousand inhabitants, perched in a recess or basin of the mountain range, 1,500 feet above the sea, and surrounded by thickly wooded hills of a still greater height, with an artificial lake, or reservoir, just below the town, has a striking effect upon the visitor for the first time. Several monuments of architectural and antiquarian interest invite inspection, especially the Temple of Maligawa, or of the Dalada, where the Sacred Tooth of Buddha has been preserved during more than fifteen hundred years, after being brought hither from Dantapura, in Southern India.

#### The Fortress of Merv.

The much-talked-about City of Merv, the possession of which has long been the object of British and Russian diplomacy, is undoubtedly a place of very great importance, whether considered commercially, politically or strategically. It marks the point of junction of the three main highways of Central Asia, and furnishes an incomparable base for operations against Persia and Afghanistan. The modern city, however, is a miserable ghost of the ancient Merv, the acknowledged Queen of Central Asia, which, with its million of inhabitants, offered such desperate resistance to the various enemies who sought to plunder its enormous wealth. Recently the city has attracted fresh interest from the accounts of the adventurous visit made to it by Mr. O'Donovan, the correspondent of the London *Daily News*. After his imprisonment there the tide of popular opinion turned in his favor, and as will be remembered, he was actually made a member of the Governing Triumvirate, a sort of bloodless revolution having taken place. Mr. O'Donovan was subsequently made a sort of ambassador from the Government to the courts of Europe, and is now in England.

#### The New Ministry in Egypt.

As we have shown in previous issues, the new Ministry in Egypt represents the military party who have carried their points in all the recent controversies. This party demands reform, complete Ministerial responsibility, and Parliamentary control of the Budget, and a new Constitution. We publish the portraits of the Khedive, Tewfik I.; of Cherif Pasha, who of late has won European regard, by his strenuous efforts in the cause of organization and conciliation during his Premiership; of Arabi Bey, the talented leader of the War of Independence; of Ali Fahmi Bey and Abdulla Helmi Pasha, who have so powerfully aided him in his action; of Fahri Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction; and of Mustapha Pasha, who, before and after the coup of last year, was Minister for Foreign Affairs, and who holds the same post in the present Cabinet.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Common Pleas Court at Toronto has decided that Sunday shaving is illegal.

—ENGLAND is about to negotiate for the resumption of diplomatic relations with Mexico.

—EXCAVATIONS still go on in Pompeii, and thirty human skeletons were recently unearthed.

—THE French Government have resolved to modify the law relating to the expulsion of foreigners.

—THIRTEEN hundred fugitive Jews now in Austria will be helped to emigrate to the United States.

—PHILADELPHIA's Democratic Mayor has appointed two more colored policemen, making seven now on the force.

—STEPS are to be taken by the new Egyptian Cabinet to insure the immediate suppression of the slave trade in the Soudan.

—THE Virginia Senate has passed the House Bill appropriating \$100,000 for the establishment of a colored normal school.

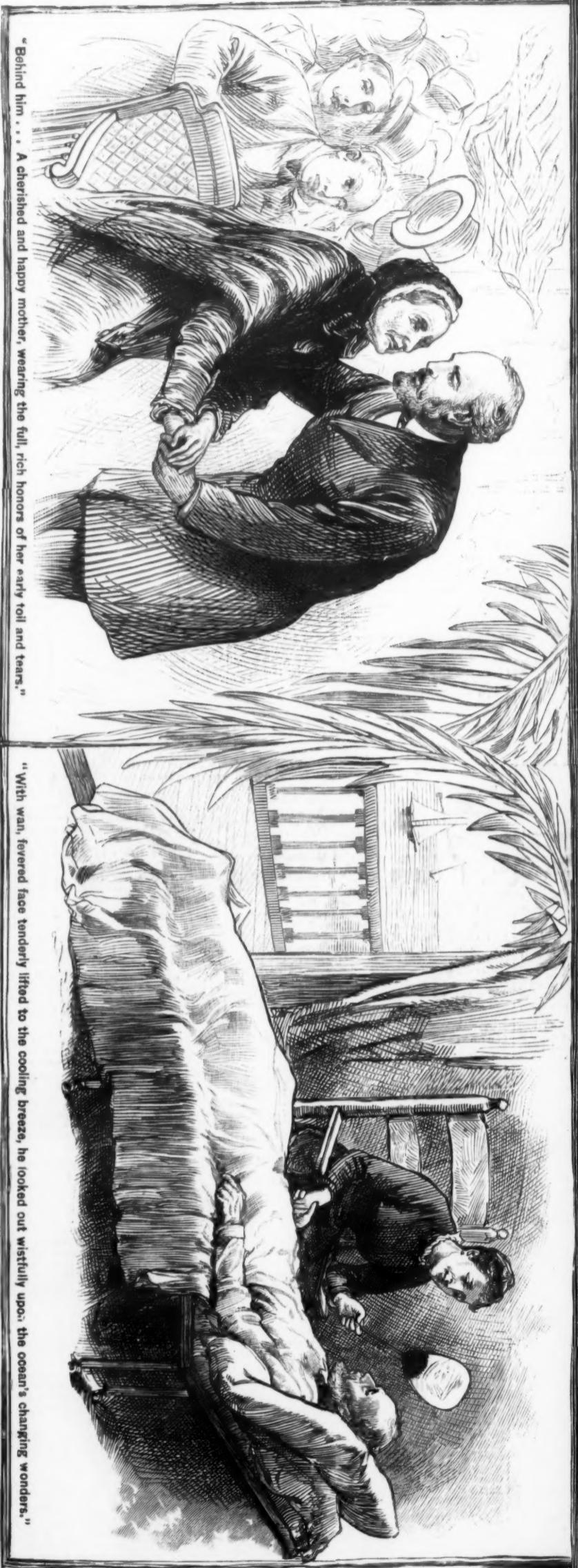
—BOSTON is making another of her spasmodic efforts to save the Old South Church, upon which there is now a debt of \$208,000.

—THE undertakers, too, are combining. A State Convention was held in Missouri last week, and a national association is proposed.

—THE number of hogs packed during the Winter season just closed was 384,873, being 137,547 less than during the Winter season a year ago.

—GLOUCESTER, Mass., is again in mourning. Four fishing schooners have been lost, making twenty-two women widows and sixty-two children fatherless.

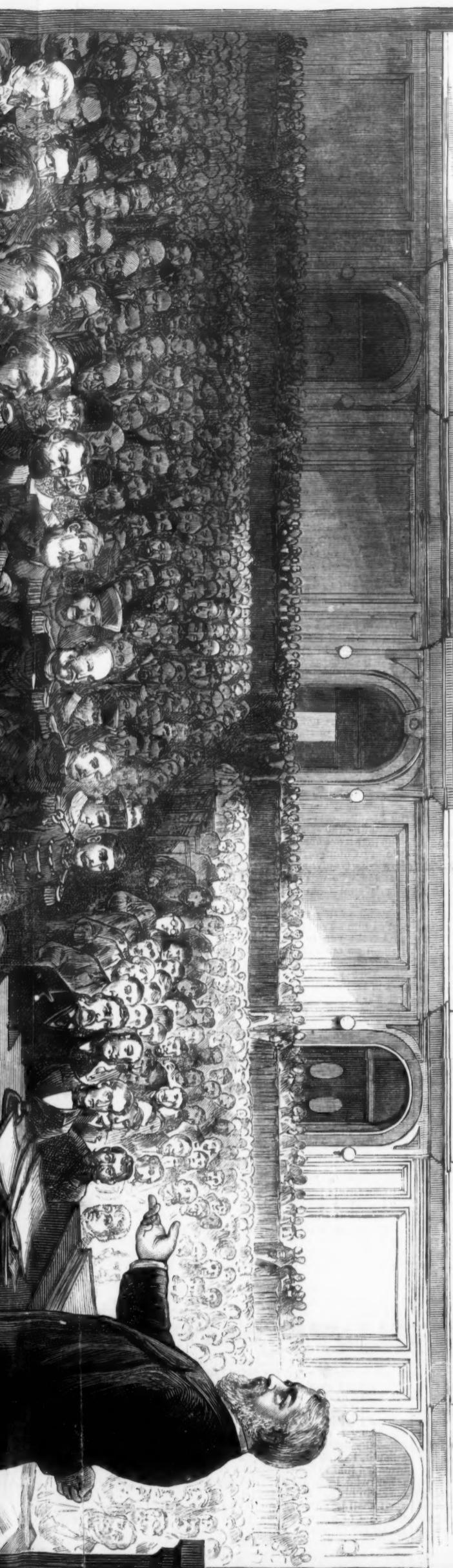
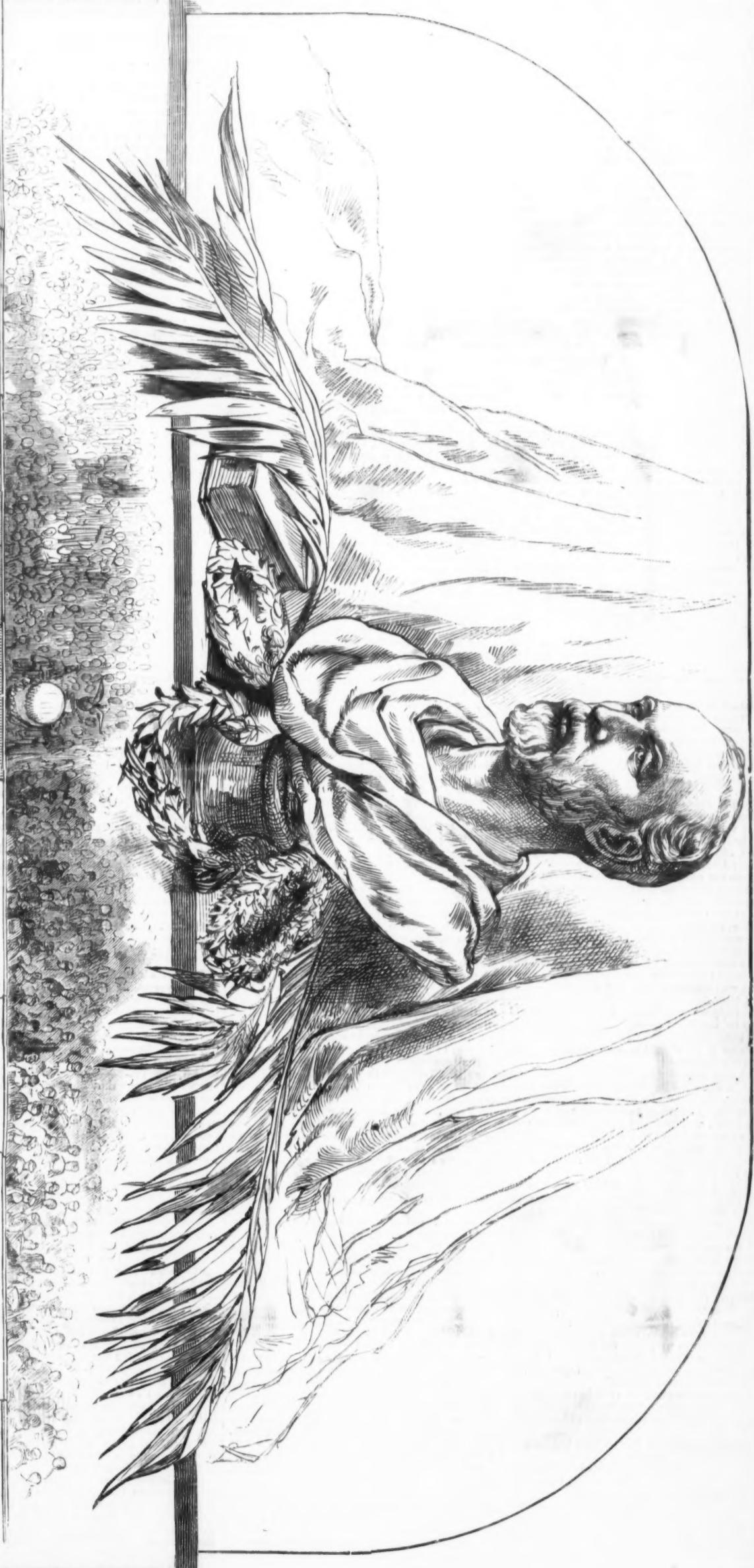
—KENTUCKY politicians begin young. No less than thirteen members of the Legislature are under thirty, and five of them are only twenty-five years old



"Behind him . . . A cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears."



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE MEMORIAL SERVICES IN HONOR OF THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD, IN THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEB. 27TH.



## A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED).

OUR ancestor took the hint," continued Steenie, "and wedded—it was said by force—the heiress of the rich manor of Brayholme, who was no nun, but was passing the period of her mourning for her father with the abbess, who was her aunt. At the expiration of the time she was to have married her cousin, whom she fondly loved. Before her marriage she had been of a disposition and temper that was almost angelic; but from that time all was changed. The priests said that the shock of her forced marriage killed her at the altar, and that an evil spirit took immediate possession of the vacant form to punish the violence of Amyas Charlton. And punished he was, for she ran through the whole calendar of crimes in her brief married life, and left him, after ten years of suffering and shame, a broken, white-headed, impoverished man. The priests—Amyas had returned to his old faith in the days of his humiliation—buried her in the Nuns' Garden, which was regarded as holy ground. Here, it was thought, the demon that had ruled her when living would be bound by the influence of the place; but woe to the Charltons should the remains chance to be exhumed, for the demon would be again loosed to do his former work."

Old Jasper, who had been humming and hawing during the relation of the legend, now broke into a chuckling laugh.

"Heh! You're as good as a hook, Master Steenie! But I'm feared the mischief's done."

"What, Jasper? The Doom-lady?"

"Why, ye see, them there fountain pipes was allin', an' me an' Jim Hackett, we digged down to come to the root o' the matter—as parson says—an' fetched up the poorest little round skull as ever you see. Wide an' low at the top it was, an' across the eyeholes, but it went taperin' off at the jaw, just like a snake's."

The three young men drew together around the old gardener.

"When was it, Jasper? How long ago? Can you recollect?"

Old Jasper tipped his hat on one side and thoughtfully scratched his head.

"I remember turnips was uncommon that year. It was in Anna Domino—just fifty-five years ago."

"And that was the time that grandfather had to sell Charnwood, was it not?"

"No, Master Charlie; it was—" counting on his fingers—"as many as fifteen year afore that time. Bless me! Why, it was the very year that little miss come among us!"

"My lady!"

The three boys looked at one another. My lady laughed noiselessly behind her leafy screen.

"Come, Stephen," she said, to her companion, "demons generally have the power to do as they will, so let those who oppose me look to themselves."

She tripped up the stairs, followed by the man, and returned to the Nuns' Chapel.

"I do not see why we cannot converse here as well as in the garden," began my lady. "It is certainly retired. Do you still act as secretary to Mr. Charlton, Stephen?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Copying his letters, having access to his papers, etc.?"

The man nodded. He had a fine head, but the lower part of his face was contracted and mean, and his black eyes had a sullen, downward look.

"I suppose you would know if he should write to America?"

"I suppose so."

"Even if he should write, direct and close the letter himself?"

The man looked up quickly.

"If he should happen to post the letter himself, also, how should I be any the wiser?"

"Haven't you a key to the post-bag?"

"I have; but he might hire a messenger, or even ride to the village himself?"

"You must be prepared for all that."

"What shall I do? Am I to intercept the letter if he should write?"

"If you can. At any rate, I must know what he writes and to whom. By-the-way, he had an interview with Olivia last night. I wish I knew what they talked about."

The man's face darkened.

"I am the last person in the world to know what my wife says, or to whom. I have not even seen her since her mother's death."

"She must take her mother's place as housekeeper, so she will have to be visible before long. It is very selfish to indulge in a merely personal grief when the comfort of a whole family depends upon one's exertions!" said my lady, virtuously. "I don't see why she shouldn't be buried immediately! I mean Cousin Sinclair, of course. Dead people are much better in their graves."

"I am sure I shall be very happy to bury my mother-in-law! She would have been glad to have done the same office for me years ago."

"And yet you have been a kind husband to Olivia!" remarked my lady.

"I have never interfered with her in any matter," returned Brandon, suddenly. "She has always had her own way."

"And it isn't good for people to always have their own way," said my lady, rising, and drawing her shawl around her. "It is very chilly here! I will go back through the house, and you had better go down into the garden."

"Steenie does not like to see me any better than his mother, my lady. They were shut up together in the old woman's room last night, and Steenie avoided me this morning."

"You are too quiet with them both, Stephen."

"Olivia freezes me with her eternal indifference; 'tis trying to love Mont Blanc."

"You don't mean to say that you are still in love with her, after being twenty years married!"

"Twenty-one, my lady, and she is still very handsome, and Steenie, who cares just as much for me as that marble saint in the fountain does, has my dear little sister's eyes."

"The one who died in childhood! I wish she had never been born, you talk about her so much. By the way, did she look like me?"

"No, my lady, there was nothing pretty about her but her eyes."

"Put Steenie looks like me, they say!"

Brandon was silent for a moment, staring through the window at his son.

"It is true; he does look like you. It is very odd!"

"Are not we cousins? Ask Olivia the exact degree of relationship; but don't tell her I requested you to do so."

## CHAPTER V.—MY LADY PUNISHES OLIVIA.

THE funeral was over, and Olivia, in her mourning garments, had taken her mother's place in the court. My lady had put on lavender, with jet ornaments, which latter suited her white skin admirably. She did not think that black became her, and was not going to make herself look hideous for a first cousin, she said.

Olivia was looking over some great piles of table-linen when my lady came into the housekeeper's room, trailing her pale-tinted skirts, her jet ornaments rattling.

"You are here, Olivia! I suppose, then, that Lionel has spoken to you? He seemed to think that you might wish some definite arrangement to be made, although I said it would be a matter of course that you should fill your mother's place. But I judge, from his anxiety on the subject, that Cousin Sinclair must have said something to him about it in the conversation they had on the last night of her life."

My lady spoke as if well assured that this conversation had taken place, and watched Olivia's face as she did so, but Olivia was examining the frayed edge of a dinner napkin, and made no reply, as, indeed, none was absolutely necessary.

"Your mother was a woman of great method, Olivia. No one else would have thought of anything so matter-of-fact at such an agitating moment. I wonder, my poor Lionel, distracted by what he had heard, was able to remember it?"

This was very artfully said, and Olivia did look up for an instant, with a puzzled expression. But this might have been because she did not understand my lady's meaning, for she simply said:

"Cousin Lionel said everything that was kind about my bereavement, and his wish that I should continue to regard the Court as my home."

"But he said nothing about what your mother told him?"

"That she said 'Little Stephen'?" replied Olivia, innocently.

My lady bit her lips.

"I suppose he wished Lionel to promise to provide for him also, as if he would not naturally care for so very near a relation!"

Olivia perceptibly winced, perhaps, because her nerves being so highly strung by what she had so lately gone through, my lady's words, spoken abruptly and with strange emphasis, came to her like so many stabs, for my lady was in the mood in which the Spanish women of the people sometimes make use of the daggers they wear in their garters, and was determined that Olivia should suffer for her obstinate silence; so she said, after a short silence:

"As you are the one to apply to now, I must beg you to have the furniture taken out of the Green Closet, and the carpet taken up. Anything that belonged to your mother, you will, of course, take care of, and the other things can be stored in one of the attics."

Olivia felt this blow as much as my lady could have desired. Her mother's room was to be dismantled—that room sacred to so many sweet and bitter memories where she yet seemed to feel her mother's presence, to hear her mother's voice! Her head sank low and lower over her work, and large tears flashed heavily down among the folds of the linen.

Any such act of vengeance always affected my lady like a tonic, and Stephen Brandon, who met her as she was leaving Olivia, paused to admire her, before telling her something he was sure she would wish to know.

"I was looking for you, my lady; Mr. Charlton has sent for locksmith."

"For a locksmith?" my lady repeated.

"He sat up late last night, and he was writing."

"How can you know? You were away!"

"You know that he always prefers to write by the light of one of those twisted tapers? Yesterday there were twelve in his closet; this morning there are only eleven, and I found about half an inch of one in his grate. I have timed them, and know that one will burn four hours, and as he was out all day, not returning until ten o'clock, p.m., he must have sat up writing until about two o'clock this morning."

"What a detective you would make, Stephen!"

"Whatever he may have written, he has about him, and I think, must be going to post it himself, so I cannot think why he has sent for the locksmith."

"You must find out. Every little, insignificant thing has a meaning now—including your wife."

"My wife! What has she done?"

"Held her tongue—which a woman never does except to be provoking. But I fancy she will be sorry for it!"

"If any one knows how to make people sorry, it is your ladyship."

"And I know how to make people glad, too, as you shall find out, Stephen. Oh, if I had

none but men to contend with! We may get the better of Lionel; but of Olivia, never! I could not even find out if she knew anything about—"

"About?" queried Brandon.

"Something that is in that letter Lionel has been writing. Find that, and you will know all!"

"I will do my best, my lady."

"Hallo! what are you two people plotting about?" cried a fresh young voice. "For the last two or three days you have had your heads together all the time. I should think Cousin Olivia would begin to be jealous."

The speaker was fair, with brilliant blue eyes, good features, and blonde, curling hair. My lady turned to him with a look that would have boded him no good in the days when houses had dungeons instead of cellars, and the will of the heads of families was the law for their households. Charlesworth called this look of his grandmother's "My lady's glare," and it was one with which she generally favored him, when she looked at him at all, for he strongly resembled his detested uncle, and had a free and easy way with him which my lady pronounced to be "Sykes-y" and therefore vulgar. His remark first made, also went unpleasantly near the truth, and added to the disgust with which he always inspired her.

"Hush!" she said, "we were speaking of her mother!" withdrawing her eyes from him the moment she had spoken, as if they had been disagreeably affected.

"How she hates me!" thought Charlesworth, as he went out at the door. "It's lucky I'm in my father's good graces, or she might get me cut off with a shilling!"

Having defined his grandmother's feelings with tolerable accuracy, but yet altogether unconscious of the full extent of her power, and confident in his position as the elder son, he began to whistle, cheerfully, as soon as he was outside the house. Somebody joined in the air with a fine second, a bass succeeded, and his brother and cousin appeared. Indeed, the three were seldom apart, and had never had a quarrel in which the angry feeling had lasted more than a quarter of an hour.

"I say, Steenie—Li—haven't I the appearance of having been struck by lightning? Don't I look like a blasted oak, or something?" asked Charlesworth, at the conclusion of the air.

"You look like a blasted something," said the brother.

"I just caught my lady and Cousin Stephen with their heads close together. I don't mean they were being affectionate, you know—only confidential. I remarked upon it, and was glared at."

"Come along into the shade and get cooled off. Steenie and I are bound for the post-office."

"That's rather a pretty girl—the postmaster's daughter," said Charlesworth.

"Do you think so?" said Lionel, scornfully.

"You and I shall never pitch on the same girl, Nel; consequently, we shall never come to blows."

"Just fancy, quarreling, and about a girl, too!" said Lionel. "If you and I ever draw a bead on the same game!" Lionel was something of a sportsman—"we'll fire fair, and the one who brings her down, bags her. Petticoats and partridges are plenty!"

## CHAPTER VI.—A PLOT AND A COUNTERPLOT.

IT was the evening of the day mentioned in the preceding chapter, and my lady was walking on the terrace, when Stephen Brandon passed her, and something white fell at her feet. She paused a moment, her handkerchief fluttered from her hand, she stooped to pick it up, and at the same time secured a letter, addressed in her son's handwriting to the "Editor of the New York —, New York, U. S. A." It was the letter that Steenie had posted that very afternoon!

Olivia had witnessed the apparently accidental encounter from her window. She did not see the letter fall from her husband's hand, for her eyes were on my lady, and she had seen her face light up in a remarkable manner, and yet, she was sure that neither of them had spoken—indeed, her husband had passed so rapidly to allow time for more than an exchange of glances.

She leaned from the window to watch my lady, who had carelessly swept the folds of her dress over the letter, and was standing tranquilly gazing at the red reflection of the setting sun. Her handkerchief fell from her hand; she stooped, picked it up and walked slowly towards the house. This was all that Olivia could see, and yet she felt that there was something behind it. Steenie had incidentally mentioned what Charlesworth had said about finding my lady and his father with their heads together, and Olivia began to fear that my lady might be employing her husband to turn her evident suspicions into certainties, and dreaded the result of a combination of her keen intellect and his dogged resolution.

Blushing as she did so, she took down her rich, dark hair, rearranged it with taste and care, and covering her black dress with a very becoming white *bouffant* followed the path her husband had taken.

On the border of the Chase there was a small pond or lake, called the "Dark Pool," the waters of which fed the fountain in the Nuns' Garden. It was bordered by large-leaved water plants, and willows and the weeping cypress trailed their branches across its sultry face, for it was always of a sombre, greenish tinge, owing, it was said, to its great depth. Here Olivia found her husband, gazing moodily at his own reflection. He started when he heard the swish of her trailing skirts across the smooth greenward, moved towards her and then drew back.

"It is you, Olivia!"

"He was expecting my lady," thought Olivia, but she said:

"Yes; I was feeling so lonely that I came out to look for company."

"Steenie, I suppose?" moodily.

"Steenie or Stephen. It's the same name, isn't it?" and she laid her hand on his arm. It was the first time she had done such a thing in all their married life. He had just been thinking how handsome, how young she looked, and, adoring her as he did, the slight pressure of her hand on his arm thrilled him all over. But it also rendered him suspicious. What could be the cause of this extraordinary familiarity on her part? Perhaps she divined this, for she said:

"Stephen, my mother said to me before she died that she hoped you would fill her place with me when she was gone"—she had, indeed, said this, and Olivia had replied—*That* would be getting a stone when I had asked for bread. But now her fear lest Charlesworth's interests should be endangered through Brandon's means led her to make these advances, loathing herself all the while, while the shame burning on her face, aided her design by making her doubly handsome.

As she spoke, all her husband's suspicions vanished. He took her in his arms and passionately kissed her unresisting lips.

My lady, having read her stolen letter, noticed, penciled on the envelope, these words. "If you wish to say anything you will find me at the Dark Pool." She had, at once, hastened to the place of rendezvous, and there witnessed this tableau of affection, the sight of which had at first paralyzed her, and this convinced her that Olivia knew what was in the letter she held in her hand, suspected her knowledge of a certain fact, and feared Brandon's complicity in her designs.

My lady looked on, indignantly

"I wonder how long they mean to keep up this billing and cooing! Ah! she suspects he came here to meet me! She is going to carry him off!" murmured my lady, as Olivia, complaining of being chilly, proposed to return to the house, saying, "We shall find Steenie there."

"And will he learn to love me, too, Olivia? He has always seemed to share your indifference."

found Mr. Charlton lying on the floor in an insensible condition. A doctor was sent for from the neighboring village of Charlton Corners, and his remedies produced so good an effect that the next morning his patient was apparently as well as ever.

The doctor, who had privately advised Mr. Charlton to go to London and consult a certain celebrated physician, was met by my lady as he was leaving the invalid, and anxiously questioned by her as to the state of her son's health. The doctor had already been warned by his patient to say nothing, and would of himself have hesitated to alarm so exquisitely soft and sensitive a creature as my lady looked in her silver-gray robe, with a little cap trimmed with pale blue ribbons set upon her shining chestnut braids. He therefore replied that, with a little care, Mr. Charlton would soon find himself as well as before.

"His attack seems to be a kind of fainting-fit. There is no cause for further alarm?" asked my lady, looking up into the doctor's face with those dark, bewildering eyes of hers that made even his sixty-year old pulses beat a little faster.

"Not immedi—that is to say, not at all. Let him keep quiet—not over-exert himself. Seems a case of nervous prostration. Ah, me!"—the doctor's senses were going fast under the steady fire of those superb glances.

"I suppose he should avoid all mental anxiety?—anything that may tend to accelerate the action of the heart?" went on my lady, quietly.

"My dear madame, you—you are really a witch! or, perhaps, you have observed—a—symptoms—"

"There have been several cases of heart-complaint in the family, and any sudden attack of fainting always terrifies me!" and the bewildering eyes were vailed for a moment in a cloud of cambric and lace.

"Good heaven! my lady, your son warned me not to let your ladyship know: and it may be nothing—nothing at all. People live for years if they are careful."

"Have you said—anything to—him about seeking other advice?" panted my lady, under the clouds of lace and cambric.

"I have advised him to go to London to consult Sir ——. I hope your ladyship will make an effort to be calm. The sight of your agitation might—"

"I will—I will be calm," murmured my lady, taking her handkerchief from her eyes and holding out her hand to the doctor, who took it timidly into his broad brown palm, and looked respectfully and admiringly at the creamy, tapering fingers, with their encircling jewels, and then my lady became conscious that a man with a tool-case in his hand, was waiting until they should make room for him to go up the stairs.

"You are the locksmith, are you not?" she asked.

The man said that he was, and my lady, having accompanied the doctor to the door, sat down in the library, pensively leaning her head on her hand. She did not seem to see the locksmith when he came down the stairs, but he had gone but a little way from the house when my lady called him back.

"Mr. Charlesworth says that you have forgotten to leave him the duplicate."

"The what, my lady?"

"A second key—in case he should lose the first."

"To be sure, my lady!" said the man, tumbling in a large bunch of keys, from which he selected a small one of a peculiar form, handing it to my lady, who fastened it to her watch-chain, where it was hidden in a bunch of charms.

"Now, if he makes his will, I shall know it!" she said, to herself; and feeling perfectly secure about the future, her look became so serene, so almost radiant, as to attract the attention of Olivia, who knew very well that that look meant the complete success of some one of my lady's plans, or else the happy accomplishment of a vengeance.

"Good-morning, Olivia; Lionel is much better to day, the doctor says, and, by-the-way, I have a message for you—Stephen's good-bye!"

"Why, where has he gone?" asked Olivia, trying to speak indifferently.

"To Spain to look after my affairs. The arrangement was made some time ago. I suppose he mentioned it to you?"

"Perhaps so. I have forgotten," said Olivia, calmly.

"I thought you would have been more afflicted when I saw how affectionate you two were last evening!" said my lady. "Do you know, I felt quite like the serpent peeping into Paradise!"

Olivia thought with terror that she was indeed a serpent, had rightly interpreted the meaning of that unwanted softness on her part, and had sent away Brandon lest she should gain any influence over him. "But this time she has really played into my hand," was her reflection. "Stephen in Spain is doing no one any harm, and I am relieved from a dreadful weight of hypocrisy!"

(To be continued.)

#### A REMARKABLE RAILROAD BRIDGE.

WE give on page 45 an illustration of a remarkable bridge, now in course of erection over Kimzua Creek, seventeen miles from Bradford, Pa., on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. This magnificent structure has a total length of 2,051 feet from abutment to abutment, and the height of the rail above the bed of the Creek is 301 feet. It consists of one span 62 feet long, twenty spans 61 feet each, and twenty spans 38 feet 6 inches each. The trusses, which extend the whole length, are 6 feet high and 10 feet apart, made similar to those of the elevated railroads, and are known as the lattice girder. The spread of the posts at the highest point is 104 1/4 feet, being about one-third of the height which gives base and stability to the structure, and prevents any vibration or lateral motion. The bridge will be, it is said, the highest railroad bridge in the world. It is 60 feet higher

than Niagara Suspension Bridge, 170 feet higher than the great bridge across the Ohio at Cincinnati, 189 feet above High Bridge, 170 feet higher than the East River Bridge, and 45 feet higher than Portage Railroad Bridge over the Genesee River. The bridge will consume 40,000,000 pounds of iron, and will require 30,000 yards of masonry. The cost will be over \$500,000. The officials connected with this engineering feat are: O. Chanute, *Chief Engineer*; Charles Pugsley, *Principal Assistant*; William Seaman, *Resident Engineer*; John G. Noakes, *Contractor of Masonry*; Phoenix Bridge Company, *Superintendents*; R. A. Simmons, *Superintendent of Erection*.

#### SCENES IN FLORIDA.

##### THE ATTRACTIONS AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE.

NOTHING could well seem more absurd to the Northern mind than the idea of holding an agricultural fair in the last month of Winter, yet a very successful exhibition of this sort has just taken place in Florida. The annual fair of the State Park Association, which opened at Jacksonville on the 21st of February and lasted through the 25th, rivaled in the variety and extent of its display the show expected of a society in the Eastern or Middle States at the close of the Summer season. The illustrations published on page 44 will give our readers some idea of the exhibits of a Winter fair in the Everglade State. Besides the exhibition of horses, cattle, swine and poultry, always expected at an agricultural fair, Northern visitors found an excellent collection of the tropical fruits which flourish in Florida in such great profusion. One entry from Orange County, for instance, included pine-apples in bud, blossom, green and ripe, which had been growing all Winter; nine varieties of lemons, seven of oranges, four of citron and three of limes—all in the different stages of growth from bud to ripe fruit; coconuts and sweet potatoes which were planted in September. The Florida exhibit which was sent to the Atlanta Exposition last Fall attracted much attention, comprising as it did the bale of cotton which took the first premium at the Georgia capital, cane and hemp which also took first premiums at Atlanta, samples of starch made from the cassava root, marl and phosphate deposits from Duval County, coal and sponge from the coast, building stone, iron ore and a large variety of the Florida woods. The exhibit from Leon County, which is in the heart of Middle Florida, showed the possibilities of agriculture in that fertile region, among its features being bacon, hams and lard from Florida-raised hogs, which equal the productions of the West; upland cotton of fine texture, cotton stalks loaded with open bolls, Florida tobacco which would stand comparison with the best raised in Virginia, besides superior corn, oats, rice and other products "too numerous to mention." The "new process" of raising oranges was illustrated by a small tree not over three feet in height, which was full of blooms, though only two years old.

The fair drew a larger attendance of visitors, both native and strangers, than any previous one in the society's history, and cannot have failed to impress people from abroad with a new idea of Florida's capabilities. No other Southern State is now making more rapid advancement. Every Winter finds a larger number of visitors from the North, who seek relief from snow and ice in its balmy climate. The experience of thousands has proved that no other section is so healthful for the large class of delicate people with an inherited or acquired tendency to pulmonary trouble, while the person of leisure has to look long and far before he finds a more charming place for Winter residence. Jacksonville is the great headquarters for visitors, and a number of large hotels have been erected there within the last few years, which are well patronized from the latter part of Autumn till the approach of the following Summer. The street view in that city, which appears among our illustrations, will be familiar to many readers who have visited the quaint old town, and will give those who have not been so fortunate a glimpse of its quiet beauty. Everybody who goes to Florida of course makes the trip up the St. John's River, and no American stream offers the tourist a wider range of picturesque scenes and novel experiences. For nearly one hundred miles from its mouth the St. John's is a wide, sluggish sheet of water, more nearly resembling a lagoon than a river, and in more than one place widening into a lake. Its banks are lined by the palmetto and a host of other tropical trees and shrubs, while the alligator is often to be seen sunning himself on a log. At various points along the shores are scattered the Winter homes of Northern settlers. The most interesting of these is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's place at Mandarin, a pleasant cottage, where the famous authoress has spent the Winter season for a number of years past. It is a beautiful home, shaded by some grand old trees, and a very pretty picture it is which our artist furnishes of the family taking their ease in the shade on a warm Winter day. The view on the Ocklawaha River furnishes some idea of the luxuriant profusion of tropical plants which is so often encountered on a Florida stream.

But it is not visitors alone from the North whom Florida attracts. The advantages of the State as a place of residence are yearly drawing larger numbers of permanent settlers. Although the Winters are so mild, the Summers do not bring the tropical heat which might be expected, and many people who have gone there from the North declare that they do not suffer more in Summer than they did in their old homes. Northern capital is pouring into the State, and many new railroad lines and other improvement schemes are under way. One remarkable project is that which was started not many months ago by a number of Philadelphia capitalists, and which contemplates the opening to settlement of a vast tract of land in the Southern peninsula. In the centre of this region is the great Lake Okeechobee, which covers over a thousand square miles, and receives the drainage of nearly the whole peninsula. Although this lake has many inlets, it has no outlet, and consequently when a rainy season comes, it overflows its banks and turns all the surrounding country into a swamp. The Philadelphia company proposes to provide an artificial outlet to the Gulf and ocean by a system of canals, which will prevent the overflow of the lake, and is expected to reclaim millions of acres of land which are now entirely valueless. The most notable undertaking, however, for the development and settlement of Florida is the recent purchase of four million acres of land in one body by the Florida Land and Improvement Company, of which Mr. Hamilton Diazon, of Philadelphia, is president, and which has head offices in that city, with branches in New York and Jacksonville, Fla. These lands include some of the most fertile and desirable in the State, and from the choicest Mr. Diazon has generously presented homesteads of forty acres each to the destitute Jewish families lately arrived in this country, fleeing from Russian persecution. Aside from this vast scheme many lesser projects for attracting immigration are being diligently pushed with steadily increasing success. The population of the State grew from 187,748 to 269,493, or nearly 45 percent, in the ten years from 1870 to 1880, and the rate of increase during the present decade promises to be still larger. The history of Florida was long one of war and disorder, but is now becoming distinguished for the triumphs of peace and prosperity.

#### The Linguists of the House.

A WASHINGTON letter to the *Troy Times* says: "The best and most fluently accomplished linguist in the House of Representatives is Mr. Kasson. His fluency can't well be accounted for by the peculiar advantages he has employed to acquire the lan-

guages of Europe. He owns up to a natural gift; but his friends know that he doesn't rely on that. He studies incessantly to perfect himself in the use of languages. You remember that for some time he was Minister to Spain. Before being assigned to Madrid he had paid much attention to Spanish, and soon became fluent in its use, after a short residence in the land of the Moors. When pretty well satisfied with his conquest, he got a leave of absence for three months, and ran down to Naples to subdue the Italian. It was not long before he felt comfortably at home in that tongue. Next came the German, which he speaks with the South German accent acquired at the Austrian court, more soft, mellow and far less guttural than the northern dialects of the German Empire. In all of these three tongues, French included, he converses and writes with remarkable fluency, in evidence of which let me tell a story. At a recent luncheon he gave at his house, some half dozen gentlemen were invited, one of them being Congressman Patricio, of California, a born Spaniard and a decided scholar; another being a member of the French Legation; a third, a German member of the House, and a fourth connected with the Italian Legation. Some one proposing a trial of linguistic skill, Mr. Kasson consented, and the polyglot conversation began. For some time there was a babel at the table, Kasson holding his own against the combined forces of the enemy. At last, ordering the servant to bring a book from the library, he picked out a passage at random, and declared that he could render it in all the four languages on sight. To the surprise of all present he accomplished the difficult task to the entire satisfaction of the linguists. Mr. Kasson has a most decided passion for languages, and in other respects is a very brilliant scholar and fascinating talker. Perhaps the most versatile linguist in the House, next to Kasson, is Perry Belmont, of New York, the youngest and richest member of the House. His foreign travel and natural aptitude for languages have made him master of French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, his tastes seeming to run in the Latin groove. Sam Cox is one of your amateur linguists. Outside of French he is not very formidable in the modern tongues, but his Latin and Greek are better."

#### The Newspapers of the World.

ACCORDING to H. P. Hubbard's "Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World" there are published 34,274 newspapers and periodicals, with a circulation of (in round numbers) 116,000,000 copies, the annual aggregate circulation reaching 10,592,000,000 copies, or about six and one-half papers per year to each inhabitant of the globe. Europe leads with 19,557, and North America follows with 12,400, the two together making over nine-tenths of all the publications in existence. Asia has 775; South America, 609; Australasia, 661, and Africa, 132. Of all these, 16,500 are printed in the English language, 7,800 in German, 3,850 in French and over 1,600 in Spanish. There are 4,020 daily newspapers, 18,274 tri-weeklies and weeklies and 8,508 issued less frequently. It appears that while the annual aggregate circulation of publications in the United States is 2,600,000,000, that of Great Britain and Ireland is 2,260,000,000. The work also contains the names of about 20,000 banks and bankers of all countries.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The Societe Neerlandaise de Biefslaisance is to open an art-exhibition in Brussels next month. It will be divided into three sections, devoted respectively to the old Dutch and Flemish masters, modern painters and sculptors, and art-works, which are eventually to be raffled for.

The Commission appointed by the French Chamber of Deputies to deliberate on the sale of the jewels of the French Crown has interrogated the Professor of Mineralogy of the Museum, requesting him to mark those stones which it would be desirable to send to the collection of that establishment.

It is Proposed to hold an international exhibition of musical instruments next year at Berlin. A provisional committee, chosen from among the leading instrument makers of Germany and abroad, has been appointed to make all preparatory arrangements. The chairman is Herr Ad. Lexow, organ builder.

The Latest Improvement in Telegraphy is a mechanical device whereby a type writer at one point, connected by a wire with a similar instrument at another point, writes out any message sent over it, without the intervention of the usual telegraph operator. A person who can use a type writer can send his own message.

Some Valuable Relics discovered at Nineveh, in the form of fine ivory carvings, showed signs of crumbling on arrival in England. Concluding that loss of albumen was the cause of the decay, Professor Owen boiled the articles. The experiment proved entirely successful, and the ivory was restored to its original firmness and solidity.

Dr. Brown-Sequard has received from the Paris Academie des Sciences the Grand Prix Lecaze, which is given only in recognition of a lifelong devotion to physiological science which has resulted in important discoveries. The *Lancet* says of Dr. Brown-Sequard: "Loving science for its own sake, content to relinquish the highest professional success that he might pursue research unfettered by the ties of practice, it is meet that he should receive, in the land of his adoption, the highest honor that science can bestow."

Professor Maspero is said to have succeeded in making satisfactory terms with the villagers whose dwellings and mosque encumber the Temple of Luxor, his only difficulty being with Mustapha Aga, the local British Consul, whose demands are considered exorbitant. The temple is likely to yield results of the highest archaeological interest. It was begun by Amenophet III, carried on by Seti I, Rameses II, Horus Sabaco and Alexander Egus; and the great pylons erected by Rameses II are sculptured with battle-scenes similar to those at Abo Simbel, and inscribed with a version of the heroic poem of Pentaur.

The Number of Asteroids that have been discovered is now 220. Recent researches by Herr Horststein (communicated to the Vienna Academy) appear to prove that the number of those with a diameter of over twenty-five geographical miles is extremely small, and that probably all such were discovered before 1850. On the other hand, the number of asteroids with a diameter less than five miles seems also to be very small, at least in the parts of the asteroid zone next Mars; in the outer regions next Jupiter there may be a more considerable number of these very small bodies. Most asteroids seem to have a diameter of between five and fifteen miles.

Major S. Herschel, of the Royal Engineers, son of the illustrious Sir John Herschel, and grandson of the famous astronomer, Sir William Herschel, is now in Washington. He visits this country at the request of the Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, Professor J. E. Hilgard, for the purpose of taking part in certain delicate pendulum observations for determining the exact force of gravity at this point, bringing with him for that object the pendulums which have been already used in the same service both in England and in India. Professor S. F. Baird has offered the necessary facilities for these experiments, which will be conducted by Major Herschel and Professor C. S. Pierce, of the Coast Survey, in an apartment set apart for the purpose in the Smithsonian Building.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR HAWLEY, of Connecticut, will deliver the Decoration Day address at Gettysburg.

MRS. CLARA M. BISBEE was ordained pastor of the Free Church at Dorchester, Mass., last week.

LOD Houghton, who is at the British Legation at Athens, has been attacked with paralysis of the left side.

MURAT HALSTED, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, and his wife, celebrated their silver wedding on March 2d.

THE Princess of Wales complains that none of court milliners can suit her, and so she often makes her own bonnets.

THE Missouri Historical Society will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Thomas H. Benton's birth, March 14th.

REV. EDWARD E. HALE is going to Europe with his artist daughter, who intends to copy in Spain some of Velasquez's pictures.

JAMES R. KEENE, whose house at Newport was burned last year, is going to build a new and most elaborate one, costing half a million at least.

GENERAL FITZMURK LEE is to deliver a series of lectures in various Southern cities this Spring for the benefit of the Southern Historical Society.

GOVERNOR FAIRCHILD, ex-Minister to Spain, called on Mrs. Garfield last week and conveyed to her a verbal message of condolence from the Queen of Spain.

JUDON POLAND, of Vermont, whose blue coat and brass buttons used to make him the most picturesque figure in Congress, is anxious to return to public life, and may be sent back to the House next Fall.

ANNA DICKINSON continues to draw large houses in the West. At one performance in Des Moines, Iowa, the receipts were \$967, and two nights in Omaha netted \$2,100. Miss Dickinson and her managers are, of course, delighted.

GENERAL EUGENE KENILWORTH STIMSON, State Engineer of Colorado, has fallen heir to an estate in Scotland valued at £350,000 by the death of his uncle, the seventh Lord Laurie, among his new possessions being the celebrated Castle of Kenilworth.

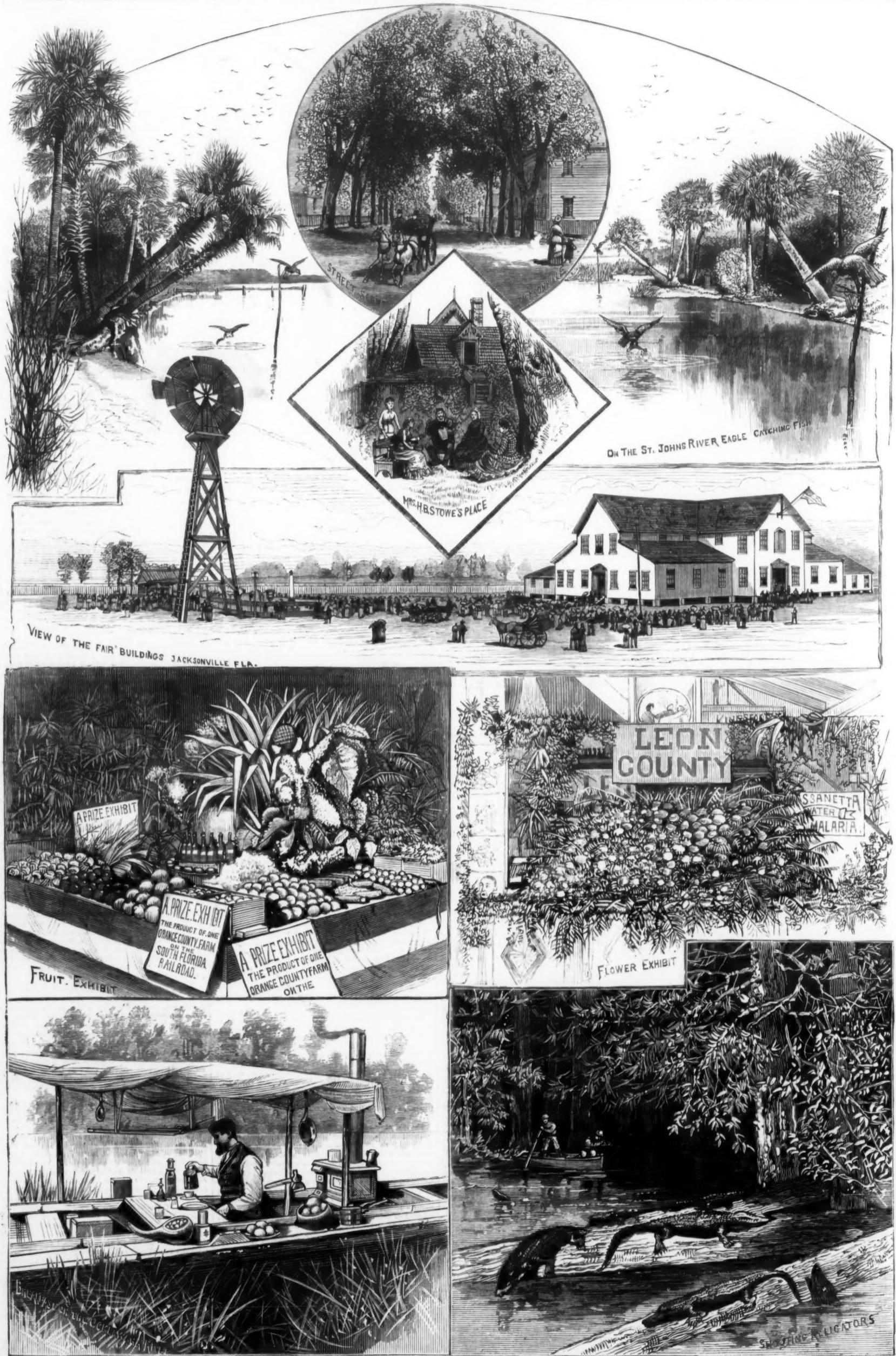
MAJOR S. HERSCHEL, of the Royal Engineers, a grandson of the famous astronomer, Herschel, is in Washington at the request of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, to assist in some delicate pendulum observations for determining the exact force of gravity.

GENERAL SHERMAN, with General Poe and Colonel Morrow of his staff, left Washington last week for a tour of inspection of the Texan frontier of Mexico. General Sherman's daughter, Miss Lizzie, and General Poe's daughter, Miss Winifred, accompanied the party. REV. THOMAS K. BRECHEN, the member of that famous family who has distinguished himself by championing the Greenback cause, is nominated by his party for Mayor of Elmira, but will probably come no nearer an election than in previous canvases for other offices.

THE Queen's monument to the late Lord Beaconsfield has just been erected in Highbury Church. It bears the following inscription: "This memorial is placed here by a grateful and affectionate Sovereign and friend, Victoria, R. I. King, to speak his right."

ARCHBISHOP JOHN B. PURCELL celebrated his 82d birthday on February 27th, at St. Ursula Convent, in Brown County, Ohio. Many visitors came from Cincinnati and elsewhere. There were numerous presents of flowers in rich designs, and Cardinal McCloskey sent a pleasant letter of congratulation.

M. BARTHOLOMEI, the Russian Minister, who was under a cloud when he recently left Washington, has been transferred to Japan. M. de Sturz, the Minister from Russia, known as a gentleman of high character, and the very reverse of his predecessor in the United States, comes to Washington.



FLORIDA.—ITS ATTRACTIONS AND DEVELOPMENT.—EXHIBITS AT THE RECENT STATE FAIR AT JACKSONVILLE.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES.—SEE PAGE 43.



HON. AARON A. SARGENT, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GERMANY.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY BELL.

HON. A. A. SARGENT,  
NEWLY-APPOINTED UNITED STATES MINISTER  
TO GERMANY.

HON. AARON A. SARGENT, the new Minister to Germany, was born at Newburyport, Mass., September 28th, 1827. When a boy he entered a printing office and served his time, educating himself as he learned his trade. Meanwhile he had developed a taste for the newspaper business, and, after some experience as a reporter in Congress during 1847 and 1848, he emigrated to California in 1849, and established in Nevada City the *Aurora Journal*, which he edited. At the same time he engaged in mining, studied law and paid much attention to politics. At the age of twenty seven he was elected District Attorney of the county, and he was soon a leader in State politics, first as a Whig and afterwards as a Republican. In 1856 he stumped California for Fremont, running as Attorney-General on the State ticket in the hopeless fight which the Republicans made that year. In 1860 he was chosen a delegate to the Republican National Convention which nominated Lincoln, and in 1861 he was elected a Representative in the Thirty-seventh Congress. Though one of the youngest members of the House, he soon commanded attention, and he distinguished himself as the author and champion of the Bill under which the Pacific Railroad was built—a measure that only passed after long and fierce opposition. This accomplished, Mr. Sargent declined a renomination, and for several years devoted himself to his legal and mining interests, but in 1869 he was again sent to the House, and re-elected in 1871. During this period he was a prominent member of the important Appropriations

Committee, and he also paid special attention to mining and homestead legislation. While still a member of the House he was elected to the Senate, where he took his seat on the 4th of March, 1873. He soon gained a leading position in this body, serving on several of the most important committees, and bitterly opposing the inflation craze. Before the close of his term the Democrats had recaptured California, and in March, 1879, Mr. Sargent retired to private life. A few weeks ago he came to Washington, and it was given out by his friends that he was to be made Secretary of the Interior. Whether President Arthur ever contemplated appointing him to that position is unknown, but he was finally nominated and confirmed as Minister to Germany. While Mr. Sargent has been often and severely criticised during his public career, he is a man of high ability, and is not unworthy to represent his country at a foreign court.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN MINISTER TO THE  
UNITED STATES.

BARON J. VON SCHAEFFER, the newly-appointed Austro-Hungarian Minister, whose portrait we publish, is a well-trained and noted diplomat. Although young in years he is ripe in experience, since the positions which he has been called upon by his august master to fill have been of a nature calculated to test mental acquirements of no ordinary calibre. Baron von Schaeffer represented Austria at the Paris Exposition of 1867, receiving the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. Later on he was attached to the Embassy in London, thus becoming master of the diplomatic secrets of those two great countries, France and England. His Excellency has rendered good service to his country in China, Japan and Siam, by his masterful negotiation of commercial treaties, while during his tenure of office as Consul-General in Egypt, he played his somewhat delicate rôle with more than ordinary diplomatic skill. He comes to the United States tried and true, and with a most cordial feeling towards our country and her institutions. He speaks English with agreeable fluency, and is a talker from conviction. Baron von Schaeffer is exceptionally handsome, while his grace of manner would do yeoman's service for a plainer man. His Excellency has selected America out of the many posts offered to him by the Government of Austria. He is not a stranger to us, since he visited the States about eight years ago, making short sojourns in our principal cities.

"I admired your magnificent people," said his Excellency, "long before I had the pleasure of meeting them. I have not the slightest doubt that yours



BARON J. VON SCHAEFFER, MINISTER FROM AUSTRIA TO THE  
UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTO. BY SCHOEFFT.

is the country of the future," adding, with a laugh, "and that you will eat us up some day. You display an ability for self-government that amazes Europe. With us, for instance, the dynasty merely holds us together; we are first of all Bohemians, or Hungarians or Slavs. With you no dynasty is needed to hold you together, but the common name America makes you great and strong."

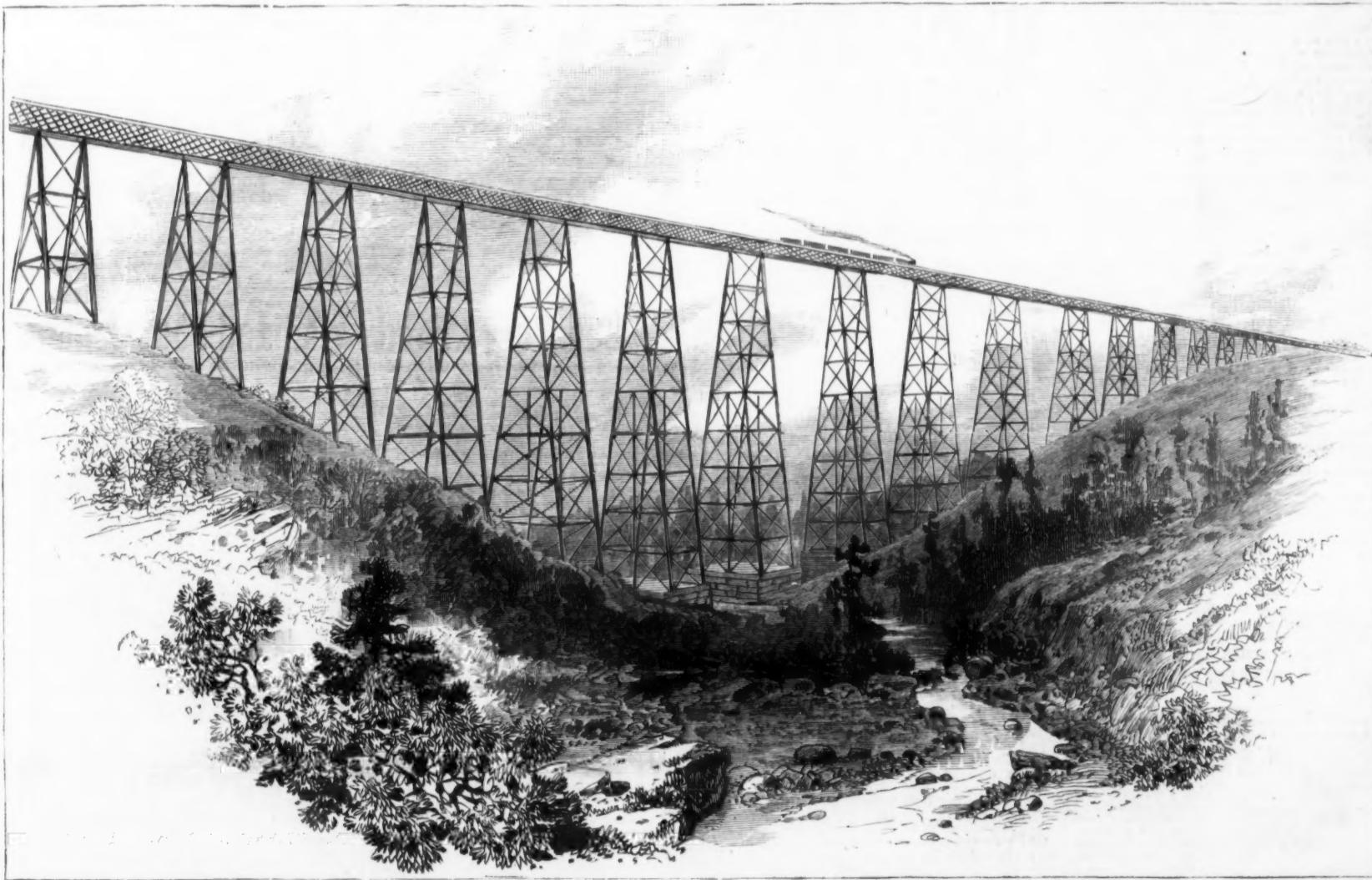
We cordially welcome Baron von Schaeffer, and trust that his presence amongst us will serve but to strengthen the good opinion he has formed of our country and her people.

THE NEW "CLARK" TOWN HALL IN  
PAISLEY, SCOTLAND.

IN Great Britain, where the tendency is all in the direction of recognizing the "Royalties" in the nomenclature of all enterprises, public and private, it is very unusual to attach the name of a private individual to a Town Hall, or other public building. The town of Paisley, in Scotland, however, has recently departed from the line of precedent, and given the name of a native of the town, who afterwards became a citizen of the United States, to a stately and commodious Town Hall, which had been erected largely at his expense. The donor of this magnificent gift was the late George A. Clark, who, at the time of his death, in 1874, was a resident of Newark, New Jersey, and who bequeathed, in addition to amounts for other objects, the sum of \$100,000 to erect a Town Hall in Paisley. His brothers, residents of the town, took charge of the undertaking, the first stone being laid in October, 1874, by the aged mother of the donor, and on the 6th of February last the building, completely furnished, was



SCOTLAND.—THE NEW "GEORGE A. CLARK" TOWN HALL, PAISLEY.



PENNSYLVANIA.—RAILROAD BRIDGE, 301 FEET HIGH, NOW BUILDING OVER KINZUA CREEK, NEAR BRADFORD.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALEX. V. LEE.—SEE PAGE 43.

formally presented to the Town Council. The building comprises a large hall capable of seating about 2,000 persons, a smaller hall, a smoking-room, a reading-room for working men, and various other apartments. The inauguration of the building was made the occasion of a public holiday in the town, the streets being gayly decorated, and the people turning out in hundreds to witness the trades procession, headed by the Provost and Town Council, which paraded the streets. The entire cost of the building and its furniture was \$500,000—the Clark family having contributed all the money needed for its completion in excess of the bequest of the original donor.

## FINANCIAL.

[Customers' Weekly Circular of the Wall Street Markets. By HENRY L. RAYMOND & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 4 Pine Street, New York.]

"During the earlier part of this month there may be manipulations now and then, but the success of such efforts can be only of the most transitory character. The shrinkage in values for the past eight months has been so enormous, it certainly warrants purchasing good stocks at present figures either outright or on margin of 5 to 10 per cent. There is a great difference between buying stocks when they are high, and buying them after they have suffered a great depreciation.

"A glance at the quotations will show that the market is active, fluctuating from 2 to 4 per cent. daily, in many stocks. Having telegraphic connections, we are enabled generally to take advantage of sudden movements in prices from day to day, and if any of our correspondents may wish to place funds with us for the purpose of making turns, we will follow any directions given us either by letter or telegraph. We have customers who make as many as three or four turns a day on the present active market. As an illustration how turns can be made, we have a customer, who during the past two months, has bought Pacific Mail every time it went to 40 or below, and sold it at 42 to 44. The party has made at least 20 turns and still the stock has not advanced over 6 per cent. from its lowest prices. Pacific Mail is an excellent stock to buy and sell on fluctuations of 2 to 3 points, and we will act for persons wishing to do so either on a large or small scale. As to the general satisfaction we give in buying and selling stocks at advantageous prices, we desire to state that we transact the stock business for six out-of-town brokerage firms."

[H. L. RAYMOND & Co. mail their Market Reports free on application; also any information desired concerning financial matters.]

J. H. CLANCEY'S SEA ISLAND HOTEL at Beaufort, S. C., offers superior attractions for tourists desiring to remain for a few days, en route from North to South, or on the return trip, together with plenty of solace to make a longer stay exceedingly agreeable.

WE need not be physicians to know when we have and how to cure a Cold. We can have a special physician always near by keeping convenient a bottle of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. Price 25 cents.

"I DON'T mind the pianner much," said a fond, but perplexed mother, recently, "but when Marier gets to sallying' around in front of the lookin'-glass and disputin' in French with her own shadder, it makes me right nervous."

"ROUGH ON RATS."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15cts.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

PALATABLE.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is often acceptable to the stomach and palate when all other medicines are objectionable.

## PAP IS TOO THICK.

And hard of digestion for infants. ANGLO-SWISS MILK-FOOD, liquid when prepared, is the very reverse. Excellent for invalids.

"HOW DO YOU MANAGE," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have PARKER'S GINGER TONIC handy," was the reply, "and thus keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured."

WHY will ladies pay from 50 cents to \$1.50 for face powder, when they can obtain a better and absolutely harmless article for 25 cents? We refer to RIKER'S AMERICAN FACE POWDER, the best in the world. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other. This Powder will stand the test of the strongest acids. Proprietors and manufacturers, WM. B. RIKER & SON, established thirty-four years at 333 Sixth Avenue, New York. Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find RIKER'S CREAM OF ROSES the most satisfactory article they can use.

HUB PUNCH—Keep in wine-cellars.

TO PROMOTE A VIGOROUS GROWTH OF THE HAIR, USE PARKER'S HAIR BALM. It restores the youthful color to gray hair, removes dandruff, and cures itching of the scalp.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., March 1, 1882.

DEAR SIRS—After three years' test of your Asbestos Liquid Paint on my hotel, the Palisades Mountain House, I am pleased to say I consider it superior in every respect to any other I have ever used—not excepting the best white lead. Although only one coat of your paint was used, it looks as fresh and perfect to day as if it had been applied within a month. As you are aware, I am a large user of paints, and in future shall use no other.

Yours truly, WILLIAM B. DANA.

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are ANGOSTURA BITTERS, prepared by Dr. J. G. Siebert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.

"BUCHUPAIBA."—Quick, complete cure, all an annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1 at Druggists.

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish, sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box \$1; round, 50c. At all Druggists.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and attested by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## RESTORATION OF APPETITE.

A PHYSICIAN writes in regard to one of his patients: "The effect of Compound Oxygen was to give him an appetite. Within three days from his first inhalation he was obliged to get his dinner two hours before the usual time." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DRs. STARKEY & PALEY, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## WINDSOR HOTEL,

DEC. to MAY.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

## PUTNAM HOUSE,

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## EQUINOX HOUSE,

JUNE to OCT.

MANCHESTER, VT.

## F. H. ORVIS.

Sea Island Hotel,  
BEAUFORT, S. C.

Parties going north from Florida will find this a delightful place to stop over for a few weeks. Plenty of good hunting, boating and fishing, with several beautiful drives and a climate surpassed by none. I respectfully solicit the patronage of the traveling public, as I feel sure all who come will be pleased, as everything in the house is entirely new.

J. H. CLANCEY, Proprietor.

## A Beautiful Complexion.

After many experiments and much skilled advice, I have succeeded in preparing a compound that will delight all who use it. It will give the skin a pearly clearness and beauty, removing freckles, pimples and moles by a few applications. It contains nothing injurious, and is commended by all druggists. Recipe sent to any address for \$1. FREE.—Will furnish advice concerning the skin if requested.

M. F. RAYMOND,  
Lock Box 2834, Boston, Mass.

## CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light &amp; German Sts.,

## BALTIMORE, MD.

Rates Reduced to \$3.50, \$3 and \$2.50

Per day, according to location of rooms for all above  
Parlor Floor.

Extra charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms,  
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The Most Convenient and Latest Built Hotel  
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ELEVATOR Runs Continuously to All Floors.

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Known throughout the world as the  
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CORSET

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They give complete

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Also, some manufacturers of "Thomson's Jagged Curative Corset." A Nerve Invigorator. Cures without

medicine. Price 12.00. Abdominal, \$15.00.

THOMSON, LANGDON & CO., New York.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, impurities and discolorations, either within or without the skin, leaving it smooth and pliable. For Sunburn, Price 17. Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine now, and you will be well. Pearl's White Glycerine, 1/2 lb. \$1.00. Pearl's White Glycerine, 1/4 lb. \$0.50. Co., Proprietary Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

WHIST SCORE BOOK, 35 Cents. Five for \$1. Postpaid. BOOK CO., 12 College Place, N. Y.

PILE'S ITCHING FILES.—Moisture, intense itching; most at night; sure cure, Swayne's Ointment. At Druggists.

100 Choice Chromo Cards, or 50 Elegant New Chromos, name on, 10c. Crown Prtg. Co., Northford, Ct.

102 West Fourteenth Street, New York.

## VALUABLE TRUTHS

"If you are suffering from poor health  
or languishing on a bed of sickness,  
take cheer, for

Hop Bitters will Cure you.

"If you are simply ailing, if you feel  
weak and dispirited, without clearly  
knowing why,

Hop Bitters will Revive you.

"If you are a Minister, and have over-  
taxed yourself with your pastoral du-  
ties, or a Mother, worn out with care  
and work,

Hop Bitters will Restore you.

"If you are a man of business or la-  
borer weakened by the strain of your  
every-day duties, or a man of letters,  
tilling over your midnight work,

Hop Bitters will Strengthen you.

"If you are suffering from over-eating  
or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipa-  
tion, or are young and growing too  
fast, as is often the case,

Hop Bitters will Relieve you.

"If you are in the workshop, on the  
farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel  
that your system needs cleansing, ton-  
ing or stimulating, without intoxicat-  
ing,

Hop Bitters is what you Need.

"If you are old, and your blood thin-  
and impure, pulse feeble, your nerves  
unsteady, and your faculties waning,

Hop Bitters will give you New Life  
and Vigor.

"HOP BITTERS is an elegant, healthy  
and refreshing flavoring for sick-room  
drinks, impure water, etc., rendering  
them harmless, and sweetening the  
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PARIS AND LONDON.

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CHAMPAGNE.

This wine is acknowledged by judges to be the best wine now in existence. It is selected by the Czar, and is largely consumed by the nobility of Russia, who are known to be connoisseurs of champagne.

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Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, etc., of all fabrics, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully without ripping.

Gentlemen's Garments Cleaned or Dyed whole.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure  
Cocoa, from which the excess  
of oil has been removed. It is a  
delicious drink, nourishing and  
strengthening; easily digested;  
admirably adapted for invalids  
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Government Bonds can be obtained at our  
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We do a general commission business in Stocks  
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and Telegraph.

Our Memoranda of Government Bonds for  
1882 can be obtained by all desiring to invest.

Fisk & Hatch,  
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## PETRIE'S FACE POWDER.

Three Shades—White, Pink and Flesh.  
GUARANTEED PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Read BESSIE DARLING'S indorsement below:  
1905 MADISON AVE.

Dear Sir:

It is with pleasure I state my appreciation of your  
PETRIE'S FACE POWDER, which I find vastly superior  
to any stage cosmetic I ever used. Cheerfully I recom-  
mend it to my profession.

Faithfully yours, BESSIE DARLING.

For Sale by all Druggists, 25 cents per Box.  
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JOHN PETRIE, JR., Prop'r, 110 Reade St., New York.

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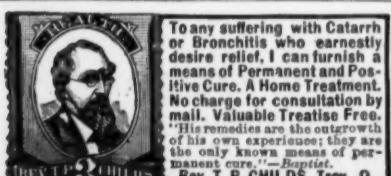
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